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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

CONSECRATED.

Among the far gray mountains
There lies a lonely grave;
In rain and sunshine ever
Unkept the grasses wave.

'T was there the shepherds buried
The little shepherd lad,
With rude hands fond and tender,
With voices hush'd and sad.

No sound was heard of organ,
No note of funeral psalm,
But only the sobs of brother hearts
To bless the mountain calm.

No priestly voice has hallowed
The shepherd's place of rest;
No priestly hands have blessed it,
And yet—it has been blessed.

For there the little shepherd's flock
Bleats thankfully to God;
And grateful songs the sweet birds sing
Above the grassy sod.

STORY TELLER.

ONLY FOR FUN.

"How be you this mornin,, Squire Dunnin'?,,

"Oh, middlin,, Miss Patty; middlin,. Hain,t quite so spry as I was twenty odd years ago; but hold on a bit and I,ll help you down.,, And so saying aldermanic Si Dunning reaching up a large fat hand eased Miss Patty's descent from the one-horse shay that old Doane was tugging at, evidently not wishing to tarry, for she seemed instinctively to conclude that if Miss Patty stopped, there was no telling when she would resume her journey.

You see, though Miss Patty was a good old soul as ever lived, she was very much given to harmless gossiping, and she generally tarried long when she began to talk over her own troubles and trials.

Miss Patty was, as she herself expressed it, nigh on to 60, and, in fact, she admitted the same thing for a number of years, so that most folks put it at 70 or thereabouts. Just now Miss Patty was in a peck of trouble—she had come down from the Roseleaf farm in search of female help.

Mrs. Dunning, the hotel keeper,s wife, came out to greet the new comer, being always glad to see the tidy body, especially as Miss Patty Slocum,s butter was the best for miles around, and she always made it a point to bring some along with her.

Just now Uncle Si, as most people called him, was grunting over the three-gallon jar of buttercup yellow creamery.

Mrs. Dunning relieved the butter-maker of her basket of eggs, and she herself gathered up a bunch of garden sass, and brought up in the rear as the trio trudged through the garden and around to the ample hotel kitchen. Miss Patty remarking, as they were passing the side piazza:

"I,ve got to have some help somehow or other. I,ve inquired all the way along, but girls seem to be mighty scarce, allers the way these days, when you want 'em to do a bit of work they are nowhere around. If it warn't for the rheumatics now—,, but right here Miss Patty's voice was lost, as she turned the corner of the great house. Though lost to view, she was indelibly stamped on the memory of the group of girls who sat on the front piazza, some in low wicker rockers, one in a hammock, swinging lazily, another half-sitting on the railing, her saucy face half-hidden by the luxuriant woodbine that clambered up to the second story.

"I say, girls, come here, every one of you,,, and the face that had been peeping from the woodbine came into full view, and the dainty, muslin clad body sailed down the steps, and four others not at all alike, but every one more or less pretty, followed after her around the west side of the house, and within hearing of all that was said in the kitchen.

"Mum is the word now, girls; don't you give an 'audible' smile for your life. I think the party in the immense sun-bonnet—shaker, I suppose you'd call it—is a case; an original, too; and I want to hear what she is going to do about her help. She makes me think of old Aunt Hannah, up at the Springs. This old body is just such a go-ahead—sharp as a cricket—and, except for her rheumatiz, would be equal to half a dozen such girls as you and I.,,

When the girls had reached the desired spot—right under a high window that opened out of the buttery, that was Mrs. Dunning's pride, and a marvel of convenience, by the by, they all sat down on a long wooden bench that was under great overhanging lilac bushes, just now laden with immense clusters of the lovely perfumed blossoms.

Rose Stoneleigh, the leader of the group, put one dimpled finger up to her lips, and the others, in "follow your leader" style, each raised a finger, and they were as quiet as mice. Presently, through the window, came the voice of Mrs. Dunning:

"Indeed, you must stop a minute, Miss Slocum. You'll be all done out, time you get back home again."

"No! thankee all the same. I'll try one more place, and then I'll get back home again."

"It is too bad you can't find anybody. What is the particular rush, just now? Surely having has not commenced with you?"

"No, not exactly, but I've a sight on hand just now; got to do some pie plant, and then them 'ere gooseberries are about ripe enough to can, and in a couple of weeks the cherries will be on hand and pester the hired help anyway. I'd sooner grub along anyhow than bother with any of them, if 'twant for this plaguey rheumatis. It kinder ketches me wonst in a while, and no use to talk, it takes the spunk clean out of me. I heard they had some sort of ile down to the post office that is powerful good for such cases, and I guess I must get a quarter's worth, just to try it. Feel sort of 'fraid to, too"

"Girls, sit still, and I will be back in a trice," and off flew Rose, skimming past stately Helen Parker, who still sat on the piazza, scratching away with her pen, on an oval stand before her.

"What are you up to now, Rose Stoneleigh?"

"Can't stop to tell any fibs just now," said Rose, as she flew up the broad stair way and into her room. Presenting she emerged an altogether different looking person. In the place of a muslin she had donned a school girl gingham, a white apron and a plain linen collar her hair all smoothed down to get the contrary wrinkles out of perfectly natural, you know. Down she went, stole back and seized Mrs. Dunning's blue gingham sun bonnet, and darting out to the wondering girls, had just time to signal them to come to the front, when Miss Patty emerged from the other side, and was just about to ascend the steps of the comical vehicle. Mrs. Dunning turned after her, saying: "I hope you'll succeed in you efforts, Miss Slocum. If I wasn't so busy I'd let Sentia come up a day or two and help you out, but you see we have the seminary girls—at least six of them—and it keeps one kinder busy. Why, what on earth!" Here the good old lady had to stop in sheer amazement, for she recognized her sunbonnet coming towards her with a little body underneath.

Rose did not stop for anything, but sailed up to Miss Patty, made a demure little bow and commenced: "Please, ma'am, I overheard part of your conversation and thought I'd offer myself, if you think I could strip pie plant, or could help you anyway;" and she dropped her white lids as though she was frightened at her own temerity.

"You don't look as if you could do much. How much do you expect to get a week, and where did you come from?" queried business-like Miss Patty.

"I came from over yonder some miles, and have a sick aunt, and want to earn some money. Please try me, and if I don't suit, I need not stay."

"Well, seein' as how you came in the nick of time, and lock kinder clipperlike, I'll take you along. Have you any recommends along?"

"No, I have not, but Mrs. Dunning here knows me, she did not expect to see me to-day hunting a place," and the smiling eyes were turned upon the landlord's wife, and hid by the sun-bonnet, she made a grimace at the puzzled face that was slowly taking in the fun.

"Oh, yes," explaimed the good, old lady, "I do know her, but I doubt her capabilities regarding housekeeping. But I'd try her if I were you. You might do worse."

"Can you come right along now? I'd a heap rather you would, seein' as I'm clean tuckered out now."

"Oh, yes; certainly I can. Mrs. Dunning, I left my bundle, a gingham and a few other things inside. Will you have them sent? One reason that I came was that Cora, over there, used to know me, and I heard that the girls were going to spend part of their vacation here, and then I thought I'd kill two birds with one stone if I could earn a bit while over here." Miss Patty looked rather suspiciously at the white, dimpled hands, and it was hard telling what was in her thoughts, as they finally drove off. They went down into the heart of the village, and Rose pulled the sun bonnet further down around her face, murmuring that "the sun was rather warm."

"Now, we will have to wait for the ten o'clock train," said Miss Patty, "and if you will mind the horse I'll just drop right in the post office and get what I want. I expect my grand-nephew on the train, and if it happens to come in while I'm in here you jes' keep an eye open for a long, good-lookin' chap, with an immense gilt chain, and tell him I'll be comin' out as soon as I can get my ile and lamp chimneys and other stuff. Mind the horse, now!"

So saying off she went.

Rose sat very quiet for some minutes, peeping out from the depths of the bonnet. It was dreadful—this having to wait when she was in for a frolic.

Ten, fifteen minutes went by, when, off in the distance, sounded the locomotive whistle.

"Whew!" mimicked Rose, "a grandnephew coming. I suppose her idea of a good-looking chap is one that can do all manner of hard work, and a great gawk of a fellow he is, I know."

Her reverie was interrupted by the stopping of the train and the rush of passengers getting on and off. With a ting-a-ling, a puff and a snort, the great engine steamed out again with a long line of cars trailing after.

Rose had all she could do to manage the restless old mare. When Doane finally got quiet, Rose looked over towards the depot in search of the gilt chain, that being uppermost in her mind. The passengers had all gone their several ways, except two; these were a lady and gentleman.

There was a cloud of dust, a carriage drove up, and, amid a shower of greetings, the lady was helped in, and immediately driven off. Rose came to the conclusion that the tall gentleman must be the nephew aforsaid, who, espying Miss Patty's turnout came over.

"Excuse me, madam, but I believe this is Miss Patty Slocum's rig, is it not, and did she send you down for me?"

"I'm in for it now," thought Rose; "he thinks I'm the hired girl, no doubt, but I'll carry it through or die, for the girls would make a laughing stock of me."

Aloud she said: "You can jump in if you like; Miss Slocum will be out presently; she is in the post-office, and I expect her every minute, now."

Contrary to her expectations, he seated herself beside her, and, with a polite "Allow me," he took the reins from her hands.

Miss Patty's watchful eyes had taken in all that occurred outside, and now appeared at the open door.

"I'll be there in just three minutes, Tom; just make yourself agreeable to the young miss; she's going to help me a bit for a week or so."

"I'll wait three hours, Aunty, if you like; I'm not at all in a hurry;" and the brown eyes were as full of mischief as those of Rose. Rose's were as blue as the sky, though they might have been green or yellow for all the glimpse Tom could get of them.

He was mentally anathematizing sun-bonnets of all descriptions, and wondering if the man who invented them was dead yet; if not, he wanted to make a target of him immediately. As the being beneath the (to him) hideous structure was rather quiet, he concluded to bide his time, and if it proved interesting, he meant to have all the fun possible during his two weeks' stay. He soliloquized thus: "Now, Aunty is as sharp as a steel trap, and if this little piece here does not toe the mark she won't have her around, but we'll fix things. I wish she'd throw back that confounded headgear and let a fellow see what she is like."

Presently Miss Patty, having completed her purchase, stepped out, and was handed into the wagon by the clerk, he being glad of an excuse to satisfy his curiosity regarding the occupants of the front seat.

The sun by this time was getting very hot, and Miss Patty told Tom to drive along right smart, as she had dinner to get yet, and they had three miles or so to go."

"Why, yes, Aunty, I know the precise distance; why shouldn't I, when I lived here so many years; seems as though you've more enterprising folks about here than there were three years ago."

"Wall, yes; you see, since then seminary girls came, seems as though it is livelier about here; you know they built the seminary the Fall you went away."

Old Doane did her best, and within half an hour they were in sight of a white house with green blinds, and lovely trees and immense rose bushes. "Jest drive around to the back, Tom, I've got a lot of traps, and I don't like to lug 'em clear through the house." Having done as he was desired, he sprang nimbly to the ground, helped Miss Patty out, then handed her the bundles, and lastly gave Rose a firm, good sized hand and very awkwardly knocked off that terrible bonnet. Rose united the strings to get a little air during the drive home. The blue eyes looked defiance at the brown ones, while the brown ones had a look that pleaded: "I will never do it again, please, ma'am."

Rose followed Miss Patty into the house, while Tom attended to old Doane. Everything was as neat as a pin in the little kitchen. The low stuffed rockers were inviting, and Rose sat down. Having found her tongue, she went into raptures over everything she saw.

"What a dear little place you have, so old-fashioned and so homelike. Let me peel those apples for you. I'll do it ever so thin." Having finished her task, she went from one thing to another, and her bright ways and light step soon won Miss Patty's esteem, and Rose had a firm friend forever after.

Tom was astonished at the clear, pretty face as he tipped the bonnet off her head, and he mentally resolved to be on his good behavior, for as he told old Doane, out in the barn: "Blue eyes, brown hair, short and plump, and a will of her own, which shows itself in their blue depths; full of fun, though. In fact, Doane, if you'll help me manage it, and don't tell aunty until it's all fixed, we'll marry her. That is, of course, providing she isn't spoken of before this, and will have us, you know."

Doane neighed as though she understood everything, and Tom gave her a whole peck of oats in his absentmindedness.

Two—three weeks glided by. Tom was a model of good behavior. Miss Patty was delighted at the success of her preserving. Rose learned the art of butter-making; and she made Tom pick cherries, and he in a hundred ways made himself generally useful; and though he protested he was sinfully abused, he could not keep out of the kitchen.

When the three weeks were up, Rose decided to tell Miss Patty that she was only a "seminary girl," and that she must go home to spend the holidays.

"I'll tell you what, Rose, if you and Tom here will hitch horses, you might stay right along."

"Hurrah for Aunt Patty!" shouted Tom. "What do you say, Rose, will you be my wife?"

"Oh, Tom Slocum, I have not known you but three weeks; besides, what would my folks say? And don't you know, Tom, the old saying, that a change of name and not of letter, is a change for worse and not for better?"

"I am only a school girl, Tom, and would make you a madcap wife."

"I'll soon tame you," laughed Tom. "We will write to father and mother—you see I claim them already—and I don't want my wife to be too learned. Say yes, Rose, darling, and I will attend to all difficulties, and the old saying won't be true in our case."

Aunt Patty, who meanwihle sat stoning cherries, now spoke again: "Tom is a good boy, Rose, and you might do a great sight worse, 'sides I want to see him settled in life before I die."

"Well, you are both so determined you may have me, Tom, for better or for worse, mind, I warn you, it might be for the worse."

"We'll take all the risks," cried happy Tom Slocum.

So in just a month from the day, Rose Stoneleigh became the bride of Tom Slocum, and a happier couple never existed, and her five bridesmaids were the girls that sat on the veranda of the hotel. Though some of them are grandmothers now, they never forget their wild little leader, Rose Stoneleigh.—*Maine Farmer.*

How to Brush the Hair.

The secret of brushing the hair for its benefit is to brush evenly and regularly.

After the hair has become dry it is brushed with a thick, firm brush, with bristles not too stiff, especially if the hair is not heavy.

The Mine Mule.

One of the most amusing and at the same time most pitiful sights to be seen about the coal mines, says a correspondent writing from Nanticoke, is the descent of a mule to the depths below.

The shaft is, say, 600 feet deep, and yawns at one's feet like a spot of ink on the ground. A car, lowered and raised by a perpendicular wire cable, shoots up and down with breathless velocity. On the car is fastened a narrow stall, with iron bars, which can be fastened across the entrance.

By various methods the unfortunate mule is brought as far as the mouth of the shaft, but when he sees the car he knows what it means. That mule fully realizes that if he walks aboard he will never see daylight again, and will have to work in the dark as only a mine mule must.

So he kicks. Argument is useless, persuasion falls on deaf ears. He kicks with a vigor and precision that means business. His heels are a battery that would terrify even the fatalistic valor of the Mahdi.

But a long beam is brought and one end put against one of the uprights at the side of the shaft. At the other end four men push, bringing the beam like a lever against the mule's flanks. Now the beast's backbone curves until his head is next his tail, and his four feet, planted firmly together, seem riveted to the ground.

The beam is a decided failure, though two men are, at the time, tugging at a halter.

But there is another resource. Even mule resistance can be overcome by steam power.

A rope is fastened around the mule's neck and looped around those vicious hind legs. Then a steam windlass is slowly turned and the unlucky beast is dragged on the car. The iron bars are put up, a bell rings, and the car drops downward, while a last melancholy bray floats up from the black hole.

There is one mule under Wilkesbarre, that has spent twenty-one years of useful life hauling coal in the dark. The miners are proud of him, and he has twice been hoisted to the surface to walk proudly in the miners' parades.

Mules do not, as has been often said, go blind in the mines, but when they are brought out a bandage must be tied over their eyes for several days.

WEALTHY NEGROES.

MATERIAL PROGRESS MADE BY REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COLORED RACE.

John W. Cromwell, a negro journalist in Philadelphia, has compiled an exhibition of the business condition of his race in America.

The Carolinas take the lead in the number of wealthy negroes. North Carolina has twenty who are worth from $10,000 to $30,000 each. In South Carolina the negroes own $10,000,000 worth of property. In Charleston fourteen men represent $200,000. Thos. R. Smalls is worth $18,000, and Chas. C. Leslie is worth $12,000. The family of Noisettes, truck farmers, are worth $150,000.

In the city savings banks the negroes have $124,936. 35 on deposit. One man has over $5,000. He recently bought a $10,000 plantation and paid $7,000 in cash.

In Philadelphia, John McKee is worth half a million. He owns four hundred houses. Several are worth $100,000.

The negroes of New York own from four to six million dollars' worth of real estate. P. A. White, a wholesale druggist, is worth a quarter of a million, and has an annual business of $200,000. Catharine Black is worth $150,000.

In New Jersey the negroes own $2,000,000 of real estate. Baltimore has more negro home-owners than any other large city. Nineteen men are worth a total of $800,000. John Thomas, the wealthiest, is worth about $150,000. Less than 180 negroes in Washington are worth a total of $1,000,000.

In Louisiana the negroes pay taxes on $15,000,000 in New Orleans and $30,000,000 in the State. Ione Lafon, a French quadroon, is worth $1,000,000. The Morcer Brothers, clothiers, carry a stock of $300,000. Missouri has twenty-seven citizens worth a million dollars in amount, ranging from $200,000 to $260,000.

The richest colored woman of the South is Amanda Eubanks, made so by the will of her white father; she is worth $400,000, and lives near Augusta, Ga. Chicago, the home of 18,000 colored people, has three colored firms in business, whose proprietors represent $20,000 each, one $15,000 and nine $10,000. A. J. Scott has $35,000 invested in the livery business, and is worth $100,000, including a well-stocked farm in Michigan. Messrs. John Jones and Richare Grant are worth $70,000 each. A. G. White, of St. Louis, formerly purveyor to the Anchor line of steamers, after financial reverses, has, since the age of forty-five, retrieved his fortunes and accumulated $30,000. Mrs. M. Carpenter, a San Francisco colored woman, has a bank account of $50,000, and Mrs. Mary Pleasant has an income from eight houses in San Francisco, a ranch near San Mateo, and $100,000 in Government bonds. In Marysville, Cal., twelve individuals are the owners of ranches valued in aggregate at from $150,000 to $180,000. One of them, Mrs. Peggy Bredan, has besides a bank account of $40,000.

These statistics show that the brother in black is making some headway in the world. He is learning to "tote his own skillet."—*N. Y. Witness.*

A Story of a Wife's Love.

A painter named Romney, a Kendal man, in his youth, with the consent of his wife, went up to London to seek his fortune. When he got there, without any wrong intention at first, it happened that he did not say anything about being married.

By degrees that man got on; he became rich and fashionable, was courted as a painter, and lived in Cavendish Square or some aristocratic region of that kind. For forty years that man lived in London, and during that forty years he never went back to Kendal once, nor did his wife see him. During the first years, travelling was not easy, and there was an excuse for him; but, by and by, when the means came, the will was gone.

He never went back once; he never wrote to that faithful woman once; he never saw her once. O prodigal! He had no thought for the fond heart and the true soul at home. Surely he was the meanest of men! At the end of forty years sickness came; and the body failed; madness overtook him; and then, broken in body, diseased brain, stricken, smitten, driven home by calamity, and not by penitence, back went the wretch to his wife. And what did the woman do? Did she shut the door and say, "Too late?" She might have used these words, and who could have blamed her? But, not she. She took the man in. She waited on his dying hours, she nursed him tenderly, she watched the fast ebbing brain, she closed his dying eyes, she laid him in the grave; she did all this and gave him no word of reproach. In the history of a man's meanness there is no meaner chapter. In the history of woman's glory there is no more glorious page. Has not He who put such power of forgiveness into a human heart, everything to attract us in Himself?—*G. Dawson.*

THE EIDER-DUCK.

(*W. H. Allen, in the June Cosmopolitan.*)

The eider-duck constitutes the wealth, and may be said to be the providence, of the Icelanders. To study this bird in its favorite haunts, it is only necessary to take a boat at Reikjavik and pay a visit to three islands situated in front of the harbor. They are named Videy, Engey, Akrey. Here the ducks pair and make their nests every year about the beginning of June. When the female has chosen the place where she wishes to lay her eggs, she plucks from her plumage the feathers which she uses to line the bottom and sides of her nest; then she generally lays her six eggs, rarely more. During this time the drake, more jealous of his marital prerogatives than was Cæsar, like the good father of a family that he is, ceases not for a moment to keep a watchful eye on his consort, and fetches her back instantly if she gives the slightest indication of wishing to take a walk. This curious phenomenon of a male more careful of his offspring than the female, has been confirmed by numerous observations. But perhaps his motive in this is simply jealousy.

The next day the owner of the land comes and carries away at the same time both the down and eggs. The unfortunate couple, which sometimes make a stout resistance, clinging to the clothes of the robber with their beaks, go off a short distance and begin; but the *bondi* (farmer) comes once more and takes the precious deposit. The indefatigable mother goes to work anew, and this time only a part of the eggs are taken; for if all were removed, the depredator in desiring too much would lose all. But this reserve is made solely as regards the eggs, for the down is removed once every week, and the poor mother continues to strip herself until she finds herself so bare that she has no longer, wherewith to line the moist hole that contains her eggs. The male, squatted near her, then comes to her assistance, and he too strips himself of his plumage, a quality of down that the Icelanders distinguish easily from that of the female, because it is white and is taken from the creature's sides.

WONDERFUL STRENGTH OF THE PORTERS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

(*M. Juilliard in the June Cosmopolitan*).

Another curiosity of Constantinople, which does not excite disgust, but, on the contrary, a surprise akin to admiration, is the *hamel*, or porter. His name, which has in Arabic the same origin as that of camel, describes him quite well. He is, in fact, a camel without the hump; but this hump is, however, more or less represented by a large leather cushion resting on his back, and intended to support his burden. Moreover, the Turkish porter has the sobriety, the patience, and the strength of the camel.

The French proverb, "As strong as a Turk," must have been suggested by the sight of this burden-carrying biped, whose back is strong enough to bear frightful loads. One hardly dares to tell of some of their feats of muscle, for fear of being considered a boaster. Here are two, however: One day when I changed my lodgings, I had three men come to move my piano. They tied it up firmly with straps. Then two of them went away, and the third stooping down, raised the piano, and placing it upon his back, carried it a distance that took more than three quarters of an hour. On another occasion I met a *hamel* who was carrying upon his back an enormous calash, the wheels and axle-trees of which had been taken off and fastened to one side of the vehicle. The only thing wanting was the two horses on his arms. The passers-by, accustomed as they were to such prodigies of strength, stopped to see this diminutive Hercules walk by, who disappeared under his load, taking an easy and even step, and uttering at the same time the word "guarda."

The frugality of the *hamel* is equally surprising. Who knows but it is one of the secrets of his strength? He never eats any cooked food, except a little rice, and a kind of soft and insipid sea-cracker, called *pide* in Turkish, and taking the place of bread. His ordinary food consist of cucumbers, which he eats with the skin on, salad without salt or seasoning, and uncooked onions.

Hamel never drink any wine, beer, or spirituous liquors, and thus present a conspicuous refutation to the claims of those that insist that the drinking of alcoholic and fermented beverages sustains and increases one's strength. In times of drought they follow the example of camels, their brethren. If they ar thirsty, very well; they do not find fault, but wait until wet weather comes.

May Days.

Speaking of the first of May, there are May days and May days. One May day differs from another May day in glory. The May day that is English, you know, bears no resemblance to the American May day. England dedicates her May day to young romance; America dedicates hers to moving out of the old house into the new. England dances around a ribbon-bedecked pole on May day; America dances around a furniture van. The central figure of the English May day is the radiant young queen. The central figure of the American May day is she who in place of a scepter wields the scrubbing mop or the whitewash brush. English children on May day gather flowers. American children on May day gather whatever happens to fall off the loads that are being moved—ends of stove-pipes, mirrors, chairs, the family Bible, or such like. May day is dear to everybody in England; they all like it. May day is dear in America to the people that move; the men that own furniture vans like it.—*New York Tribune.*

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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VACATION.

How refreshing the word sounds! What delightful vistas it presents to the imagination as we flit hither and thither by breezy seashore, in shady mountain nook, or far-away rural retreat. Such visions come spontaneously. Nature implants in us all a desire for relaxation, and there comes a season when rest is imperative—rest for the overtaxed brain and the weary body. With this need comes that longing for the leafy woods and rock bound hills, the sea-breeze and the invigorating air of the mountain, bringing with them new life and renewed energy. Body and mind seek their recuperation out of doors and in new scenes. There the broad page of nature is spread out with its innumerable objects of study and observation affording at every step something new and worth remembering.

But vacation and its joys become doubly welcome when, while enjoying them we can render a service however slight to others less fortunate than ourselves. In our enjoyments it is commendable, even imperative, to add to the pleasure of those whom circumstances or misfortune have made dependent. It is therefore pleasant to observe the various societies of our silent community taking advantage of the season of outings to unite pleasure with aid for some benevolent object. Already a number of deaf-mute picnics and excursions are announced in various parts of the country. Our Philadelphia brethren, notwithstanding dampening rain, had an enjoyable time on the 23d. On July 4th, the patriotic deaf people of Lycoming and adjacent counties in Pennsylvania will meet at Susquehanna Grove, and there celebrate the Glorious Fourth and renew old friendships. July 18th will witness a gala time at Caledonian Park, Jersey City Heights, where the deaf-mutes of New Jersey and New York will assemble at the picnic of the New Jersey Association, while our New England friends will be certain to pass an enjoyable day at Willowdale, Lowell, Mass., on July 26th.

On the same day, the greatest deaf-mute outing of the year will be given by the Committee having in charge the Grand Excursion, in aid of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. Here will meet old classmates from all over the country, one of the pleasing incidents being the determination of the Troy Society to unite with New York City in a double excursion on the occasion.

It requires no words on our part to detail the excellent work being done by the Home, and it should be the boast of every deaf-mute in the State of New York that he has aided and will continue to aid this most deserving cause. This all can do on the 26th, and at the same time enjoy a sail and behold scenery the like of which is unsurpassed anywhere.

It may seem a hackeyened sentiment to say that life's truest happiness is found in making others happy. Yet it remains true that sympathy in the wants of those who are unable to aid themselves, is good for us all; for when youth, and health, and love are ours, are not the joys they bring enhanced by deeds of kindness and sympathy towards the feeble and unfortunate?

Let New York's deaf-mutes, then, open their hearts on the 26th. Let them not only visit the Home but give to the inmates the meed of that sympathy which shall gild with a purer lustre that which is bright, and soften by its tenderness the sorrow of those whose potion is a "cup of bitterness."

ITEMIZER.

The Pittsburg deaf-mutes will hold a picnic at McKee's Grove, Pa., on July 4th.

Charles Steinwenter will probably spend the fourth of July at Westfield or Chicago.

Mercury's residence and Post Office address is No. 214 West Adams Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

Miss Cora Allen, of Chester, Kan., will probably visit Indianapolis this fall and attend the State Fair.

Theodore Michael, of Indianapolis, is a regular visitor in Military Park, in this city, on Sunday evenings.

Robert Lee, of Indianapolis, is now quite proud, as his wife presented him with a new girl baby three weeks ago.

An account of the Closing Exercises at the Western Pennsylvania Institution will appear next week.

Artist Tresch made all of the "Queen's Jubilee" sketches for the New York *Star*. They were about 25 in number.

Mr. Frank Hesse and family, of Indianapolis, will spend the fourth of July visiting among their many friends at Westfield and Noblesville, Ind.

The Boston Committee for the Picnic, at Willon Dale, has succeeded in obtaining railroad tickets to Lowell and return from Boston for 75 cents.

Sixteen deaf-mutes of the beautiful city of Orange will attend the excursion on July 26th. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Kinney, newly-married.

Miss Lila Kenyon, of Westfield, Ind., went to Greenfield, Ind., to visit the gas-well, last month. Theodore Michael and Mrs. Mary Willitts accompanied her.

William J. Blount, who has been teaching at Danville, Ky., for the past season, expects to leave for Florida this week. A visit to his mother and brother.

Mr. John Bennet and his daughter, Miss Mary L. Bennet, of Orange, N. J., expect to attend the excursion on July 26th. They will be pleased to see their old schoolmates after many years.

MINISTERING TO THE MUTES.

The Rev. Father Alfred Belanger was for thirty years the spiritual director of the deaf and dumb school at Mile End, near Montreal. Many of his former pupils are in New York and vicinity. About three years ago, Father Belanger's health failed so that he was compelled to surrender the arduous work in the Canadian Institute and seek rest. After his respite from labor, and when his health had been considerably improved he was appointed to take charge of a parish in Brimfield, Ill., near Peoria.

Archbishop Corrigan, desiring an instructor for the Catholic deaf-mutes of this city, informed the Superior of Chicago of his wishes. The Superior required Father Belanger to come to New York, and consult with the Archbishop. Father Belanger arrived here last week, and yesterday afternoon, he gave an informal address to some twenty-five deaf-mutes—young women and young men—in the College of St. Francis Xavier, at No. 39 West Fifteenth Street. He found some of his old pupils present.

Father Belanger told a *Herald* reporter that he would confer with the Archbishop to-day. He expects to be appointed director of the Catholic deaf-mutes, who number about eight hundred in this city.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

TREASURER'S BULLETIN, No. 62.

KENDALL GREEN,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 25, '87.

Received through James J. Murphy. The individual names have already been printed in the *Times*:

From 85 subscribers at the School for the Deaf at Delavan and in neighboring towns,	$31 28
Proceeds of Author's Carnival, at Delavan,	47 30
Proceeds of pupils' entertainment at Delavan,	27 00
Proceeds from sale of chromos,	7 20
Collected by Joseph Myers, from 47 subscribers in Weyanwega and Royalton, Wis.,	15 25
Collected by Dennis Durick from 27 subscribers in Stephensville, Hortonsville, Appleton and Neenah, Wis.,	7 75
Collected by John Spartz from 24 subscribers in Tranville Center, Wis.,	4 00
Collected by Simon P. Carney from 107 subscribers in Rosecrans, Ill., and neighboring towns,	27 50
Collected by Harvey M. Rolfe from 22 subscribers in De Pere, Wis.,	6 00
Total through Mr. Murphy,	173 28
From Arthur Palmer, Nashville, Tenn.,	5 00
From R. W. Branch, Nashville, Tenn.,	5 00
From Frank Stewart, Kendall School, through John W. Barrett, National College,	10
Total new receipts,	183 28
Acknowledged last week,	473 01
	656 39
Less deposit with U. S. Trust Company, included below,	500 00
Total with treasurer,	156 39
Other cash reported heretofore,	7,057 07
Total cash assets,	7,213 46

AMOS G. DRAPER, *Treasurer.*

REV. MR. J. CHAMBERLAIN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Saturday, July 2d, Guild Room, 346 High Street, Providence, R. I. Lecture.

Sunday, July 3d, 10:45 A.M. and 1 P.M. All Saints' Church, Providence, R. I. 8 P.M. Randolph, Mass.

Tuesday, July 5th, 8 P.M. Church of the Good Shepherd, Nashua, N. H.

Wednesday, July 6th, 8 P.M. Room of Silent Society, Lowell, Mass. Lecture.

Thursday, July 7th, St. Peter's Church, Beverly Mass.

Friday, July 8th, Guild Room of St. Stephen's Church, Lynn, Mass.

Sunday, July 10th, 12 M., Holy Communion, Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, Mass. 2 P.M., St. Peter's Church, Cambridgeport, Mass. 8 P.M. All Saints' Chapel, Worcester, Mass.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Commencement.

EXAMINATIONS.

Good-bye.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Although, during the first part of the week, examinations were the absorbing topic. Still there was a great deal of bustle and confusion indicative of the near approaching of vacation. Examinations ended on Tuesday morning, and the students began in dead earnest the task of taking down and stowing away for the summer, the various odds and ends with which the average student, no matter how great may be his contempt for "womanish fixings" and that sort of thing, will always try to brighten up his rooms. And it *is* surprising how much of these articles a man manages to collect, and equally surprising how much *won't* go into even a Saratoga of elephantine dimensions.

Wednesday was Commencement day. With us this day, as compared with the same occasion in other colleges, is a very quiet one. Very few visitors, except from Kendall Green, were present. The students, and pupils of the Kendall School, assembled in the chapel at eleven o'clock. The faculty of the college occupied seats to the right and left of the platform, and on the platform were seated President Gallaudet, General Dunn and Secretary Fox of the Board of Directors. The exercises opened with the reading of the roll of honor of the Kendall School, which showed that the pupils of the school had been remarkably well-behaved during the past year. Certificates to the effect that the recipient had pursued a course of study, in connection with the High Class of the school, were then granted to Messrs. White, Lewis, Barton, Jump, Stover, Clark and Lynch, Dr. Gallaudet making a few parting remarks to them. The results of the term examinations were then announced. Dr. Gallaudet said that but three conditions had been imposed upon students in this examination, a smaller number than perhaps ever before in the history of the college; but—and there is always a but to things like these—he was inclined to think that the professors out of consideration for the oppressive heat, made the examinations considerably less severe than usual. The promotions based upon the result of the examination, were then announced. Mr. Barton, of Maine, was the only person admitted without conditions to the Introductory Class from the High Class of the Kendall School. Mr. E. P. Cleary then delivered the valedictory of the graduating class as follows:

Gentlemen of the Board of Directors:—Who fill this magnificient institution with life and hope and inspiration to every good deed, forgive us, if we are too sanguine. What you have done makes all things seem possible. We cannot thank you as we wish for what you have done for us, but we will love you and bless you forever. Farewell!

Beloved President and Professors:—Surely some day in the great eternity awaiting us all, you will be permitted to come rejoicing before the Master, bearing your sheaves with you. Your unremitting labor, boundless and priceless wisdom, have made this the golden year of all the years we have known. Henceforth, we shall date all events froward and backward from this one point of time. We have seen that your 78 graduates of twenty-three years, all hold a place in your memory and affection. Surely there is yet room for the class of '87. We shall bear the name while we live, and proudly remember that we are graduates of the National Deaf-Mute College. Farewell!

Students and Friends:—Father Time in his ceaseless round has at last reached us and bids us break up our pleasant associations with you. To-day we are the class of '87; to-morrow we will be scattered, never to meet again, as one class, in these dear halls. In after years we may see each others' names, wonder for a moment where we saw them last, and, with a thrill of joy and a sigh of regret, recall to-day and a thousand more precious memories. We cannot escape the saddest word lips have ever spoken. Heaven keep you all! Farewell!

Fellow graduate:—As we go away to our chosen work, let the fraternal regard that has grown up between us here be a perpetual bond of union. We have heard that soldiers wounded on the battle-field, have made a magic sign, or uttered a talismanic word, and lo! a brother was near to give a cup of cold water, to staunch a wound, and call for aid to save the waning life. To us let that saving sign be N. D. M. C., that talismanic word, Gallaudet. Farewell!

Certificates to the effect that the recipients had pursued a selected course of three years in the College, and had been honorally discharged, were granted to Messrs. Barret, '89, and Tellier, '90. The degree of Bachelors of Arts was conferred upon Mr. Gerald McCarthy, and the degree of B.A. on Mr. E. P. Cleary. Gen. Dunn then made a short but pointed and witty address to the graduating class, advising that

"After all the best thing we can do,
When it is raining, is to let it rain."

Dr. Gallaudet made a few remarks to the graduating class. Conditioned examinations were then announced to take place on September 24th, and the the College formally declared closed for the vacation. The exercises concluded with prayer by Prof. Chickering.

Then every one's thoughts began to turn homeward, a large number of the students went on Wednesday afternoon, and by Thursday evening the College was almost deserted. The party that went *via* the Chesapeake and Ohio road, apparently had the most exciting time. They were on board the train that carried the "regulators," who had just killed Craig Tolliver and several of his gang of cut-throats at Morehead, Ky. The way these men kept a lookout for enemies in ambush and fingered the triggers of their rifles made the more nervous of the party wince a little. At another place they witnessed the collision of the locomotive and a sleeping car. No one was injured, but the car was badly wrecked.

Quite a number of students remain in Washington, some in the departments, some at the Soldiers' Home, and others at the Institution farm.

Messrs. Fox, '83, and Hodgson, of New York, were present at the Commencement Exercises.

Kerney, '85, surprised his friends here by dropping in upon them last Wednesday. He intends to visit New England before returning to Evansville.

"Van" wishes every one a pleasant summer and hopes to renew his acquaintance with them next fall.

June 25, 1887. VAN.

Light for Lounsbury.

On the 25th of June, there was quite a large assemblage at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Lounsbury, No. 88 South 1st Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The occasion was the anniversary birthday of Mrs. Lounsbury. Her admirers and friends presented her with several valuable and costly presents, among which was a hanging lamp of exquisite design and unique in pattern. It was suspended in the centre of the hostess' parlors, and presented a very beautiful appearance. The lamp itself is of a recent patent, and had an elaborately designed China shade. There were innumerable glass balls hung around both the shade and lamp. The cost was about five dollars and fifty cents, of which sum the friends of the estimable lady subscribed.

Mr. Daniel Minihan was chairman of the committee, and to him is due the credit of bringing about the successful affair. A fine repast was served about eleven o'clock, and the guests did ample justice to both the edibles and fruits. It was nearly midnight, when the happy assemblage left for their respective homes, every one showering good wishes upon Mrs. Lounsbury, and expressing the hope that she would like to celebrate many more such pleasant birthdays.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Swartz, Miss Swartz; Mr. and Mrs. J. Lyng, Miss Lyng; Mr. and Mrs. J. Lounsbury; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Minihan; Mr. Thomas Godfrey, and many others whose names have accidentally left the fertile brains of the reporter. D. M.

ST. JOSEPH'S INSTITUTE AT FORDHAM, N. Y.

At 12 o'clock, Friday, June 24th, the commencement exercises of St. Joseph's Institute for Deaf-Mutes were held in the Institute hall.

On account of the hot weather the exercises were very brief, but nevertheless they were very interesting, as they were a departure from the ordinary deaf-mute exhibitions. The opening exercise was by a class of beginners.

Then followed exercies in articulation and addresses by pretty little girls.

The conclusion was a play entitled "My Aunt's Heiress," which was admirably rendered in the sign language, one of the lady teachers reading the play orally, in the meantime, for the hearing portion of the audience.

At the end of the play, Rev. Father T. J. Campbell, President of St. John's College, made a brief address.

As soon as the exhibition was over, the pupils were started for home. The branches at Brooklyn and Westchester were closed for the vacation the same day.

Well Done, Maine

Collected by—	
Lyman D. Tripp, of New Brunswick, Maine,	$6 00
Oliver D. Dearing, Saco, Me.,	11 40
Augustus Titcomb, Saco, Me.,	3 00
Mrs. H. G. Moody, Lebanon Center,	5 00
Simeon Jellison, of Belfast,	5 00
Francis M. Staples, of Belfast,	1 20
C. F. Folsom, Oakland,	3 20
Byron A. Brown, So. Newburgh,	3 00
Albert L. Carlisle, Ellsworth,	1 30
Geo. W. Wakefield, Brownfield	9 00
	$46 10

Collected by Geo. W. Wakefield.	
O. W. Fuller, South Paris,	1 00
Mrs. O. W. Fuller, "	50
H. G. Moody, Lebanon Center,	1 00
Mrs. H. G. Moody, Lebanon Center,	1 00
J. W. Page, of Biddeford,	1 00
Geo. W. Wakefield, Brownfield,	1 00
Mrs. Geo. W. Wakefield, Brownfield,	50
	$ 6 00
	$52 00

All the money came from Maine. I omit the names of the ten and twenty cent contributions, as it would occupy too much space in the JOURNAL.

W. H. WEEKS, *Treasurer*
N. E. G. C. M. Fund.

A CHANGE OF PLACE.

The deaf-mute picnic of Williamsport, Pa., was advertised in the JOURNAL last week to be held at Mountain Grove. Now we have changed it from Mountain Grove to Susquehanna Grove, on account of the great crowd of people on the glorious fourth of July. (Read advertisement in this issue.) Steamer "Alice" (new) on the same day, leaves at the foot of Locust Street wharf at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. sharp, and returning leaves between 7 and 9 P.M. Seven miles up the river from Williamsport, which will be more pleasant to ride there. Only 25 cents for round trip, and children 15 cents.

MICHIGAN.

All Done on the Quiet.

AMONG THE DEAF AND DUMB OF THE FLINT INSTITUTION.

Economy of the Management—Methods of Education—Some persons are Dumb because they are also Deaf—Reading the Lips—Birthday Party—Visiting, Etc.

The many friends of C. R. Barnett, of Lansing, forcibly reminded him, last Friday night, that he was twenty-five years old, through the medium of a highly enjoyable surprise party.

A party of deaf-mutes was in Lansing, last week, visiting the capitol and viewing the beauties of that city. The following made up the party: Thomas Innis and wife, M. H. Kerr, wife and daughter and Miss A. Wood, of Jackson; George D. Hunter and child, Detroit; Mrs. A. Borden and daughter, Ionia; Joe Halifax, Rives; Chas. Popendick, Homer, and Willie Butters, Pulaski. They went to Flint to attend the *alumni* meeting. While they can neither speak or hear, there is no doubt that they would greatly enjoy the fine races to be given at Lansing this week.

The first reunion of the alumni of the Michigan Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb in Flint began there last Wednesday, June 22d, and continued about two days. About one hundred and fifty former pupils of the Institution were in attendance from this and other states, and the gathering was an assured success. At a meeting held Wednesday morning in the chapel of the main building, a prayer was offered up by the Rev. A. W. Mann, deaf mute missionary; an address of welcome was delivered by Supt. M. T. Gass, and brief remarks respecting the Institution and its work were made by Jas. Bradley, of Genesee County; Wallace Krause, of Massachusetts; Miss E. M. Bolt, of Kansas; Isaac Ries, of Mississippi; E. M. Bristol, of Muskegon, and others. The chair was occupied by Marcus Kerr, of Detroit, and Miss Maggie Kennedy, of Mt. Morris, officiated as Secretary. At a meeting Wednesday afternoon, the alumni perfected an organization by adopting a constitution and code of by-laws. It was resolved to hold a reunion every four years, and Flint was practically decided upon as the place of meeting. At a meeting of the alumni association, Thursday, of June 23d, the following officers were chosen for the term of four years: President, E. M. Bristol, of Muskegon; Vice-President, Alex W. Hamilton, of Fenton; Secretary, Miss Celia A. Potter, of Brighton; Treasurer, John J. Buchanan, of Flint. In the afternoon, the treasurer of the Gallaudet fund reported that $167.79 had been contributed up to date, and a committee was appointed to receive funds for marking the grave of Prof. William L. Breg, an old teacher of deaf-mutes, kindly remembered by many present. The reunion has been a success in every way, and socially perhaps as enjoyable a time as the mutes of Michigan ever had.

We clip the following from the *Detroit Evening Journal*:

"The Michigan deaf and dumb school, after having operated for two or three years in a rented building in the city of Flint, moved in February, 1854, into its present home, which had then been just completed. Since that time thousands of deaf and dumb pupils have been fed, sheltered and educated by the state, but no satisfactory knowledge of their life or doings since they left the school has been obtained. The board of managers, together with the teachers, naturally believe that this class of information is necessary and valuable, as affording excellent data for present work and improvement.

From eight pupils at the commencement of the school in 1854, the last session of the present year showed 304, of whom the boys number 164 and the girls 140. These are all boarded and taught gratuitously by the state, but their parents and guardians are required to keep them in clothing. Where the natural protectors, if any, of indigent children fail to furnish clothing, the institution gives it, and the expense is charged to the county from whence they came.

Every state in the union has its deaf and dumb asylum, and these are managed more or less economically—the average annual cost for maintenance per capita being $250. Michigan, however, supports her deaf and dumb at an expense of $175 per capita, only two states showing a lower rate of expense. The school is a pleasing and harmonious structure of brick, plainly but comfortably furnished, on a fine farm of 150 acres, located in the southwestern part of the city. The surroundings are healthful and pleasant, and very little sickness occurs in the school. Besides the educational work, all of the pupils are required to work four hours a day. Thirty boys work in the carpentering and cabinet making shop, and an equal number in the boot and shoe shop. The printing office employs 17 hands, of whom a small number are females, and their work consists in the publication of a weekly paper named the *Michigan Deaf-Mute Mirror*, and the job work needed in the school. The girls are employed in domestic work, plain sewing and dressmaking. Eighteen male and female teachers, some of whom are deaf-mutes, are employed, and the institution numbers about 380 inmates, including the teachers, pupils, trade instructors and servants. The Supt. M. T. Gass, a successful teacher in the common schools here, was invited four years ago to take charge of the institution. He attends principally to the business interests, but the teachers are engaged by the board, on his recommendation.

The methods of educating deaf-mutes are three in number—the finger alphabet, the sign language, and the oral method. The former is universally taught here, but there is no system of teaching the sign language used in this school. The latter is simply used to illustrate and shorten the finger system of spelling English words. The oral system is used where pupils show aptitude for it and it is considered that it will benefit them. Only one teacher—a lady—is employed to do oral teaching, and only about 50 pupils take lessons in this system, the time being one hour per day.

The organs of speech in deaf-mutes are generally quite normal, and they are dumb because they are also deaf and had no one to teach them to speak. A child born deaf does not speak because it cannot acquire speech in the ordinary manner, that is by hearing others speak and imitating them. Thus the real defect is deafness, though the effect is generally mistaken for the cause and there is a common complaint about the dumbness while the deafness, which really causes it, is unheeded. The system consists in making the eye supply the place of the ear. Just as in persons born blind, the sense of hearing is developed with extraordinary intensity, so it has been found that in the case of those who are born deaf, the sense of sight can be cultivated till it becomes extremely acute, and by watching the lips and countenance of those who speak to them, the persons deprived of hearing can gradually be taught to understand, by the eye, what is said. This artificial mode of hearing is called "lip reading." It is said to have been invented by Pedro Ponce de Leon, of Spain, 300 years ago, but his invention was not for a long time turned to account in the treatment of the deaf and dumb. In several countries surgical operations were performed to remedy supposed defects of the tongue, but instead of relief being afforded positive injury was inflicted.

About 1690, Dr. Ammon, a Swiss physician, settled in Amsterdam and commenced practicing the lip reading system by teaching his pupils to watch the changes which came over his face and then imitate these changes themselves. He was successful, and his system, after his death, was introduced in Germany and England. In England it has been combined at several schools of instruction with "finger talking" and the "sign language." This last was originated in France by the Abbe de l'Epee, who conceived the idea of creating a means of intercourse through the medium of signs and gestures. His sign language was carried to great perfection in France, and to limited extent in England. But both the sign and the finger language have some radical defects. (1.) The sign language varies at different institutions and therefore cannot become a common means of education. (2.) Any such language consisting of arbitrary signs is only of use among the deaf and dumb themselves, and can never be a medium of communication to the outer world. (3.) By non-use of the organs of speech they become gradually weaker for want of exercise, and in a large number of cases the health is thereby injured.

Lip-reading is practiced here and at Norris, near Detroit. At the latter place it is taught permanently for the religious education of the pupils, to fit them for confirmation in the Evangelical Lutheran church Of course, German is exclusively used. Here, in Flint, the English language is taught.

Any suggestion that the lip and sign language might advantageously be taught together is emphatically negatived by the champion of the former principle. They set their faces against the mixture, because, if once permitted, the children prefer making use of signs and will not take the trouble of keeping the attention fixed for lip-reading; and thus they fail to cultivate the sense of sight in the manner required. The lip-reading system advocates claim a great superiority over any other system, inasmuch as by their method a person, who would otherwise be a deaf-mute, can communicate directly with the outside world.

The other side claims generally that only a small proportion of the deaf can attain the skill necessary for lip-reading, and, even where they succeed, the attainment of a wavering, indistinct voice is very little benefit to its owner. This controversy has lasted for centuries, but is renewed at almost every convention of deaf and dumb teachers, and at intervals in the general and educational periodicals.

Supt. Gass takes a middle ground in the dispute. He says that only a small portion of deaf-mutes can learn to speak by the lip system, but concedes that where they attain proficiency it is a practical restoration to society. He accordingly has mutes taught by the lip or oral system where especial aptitude exists. The others are taught by the finger alphabet in connection with the sign language. Others are instructed in all three. In short each pupil's capacity is gauged, and he or she is instructed accordingly. Mr. Gass gives the following opinion on this point: "Take two children of equal ability and advantages. By equal advantages I mean let them both start on an equal footing, as to whether they could or could not articulate before losing their voices. Let one be instructed exclusively on the lip or oral method, and the other on the oral, finger and sign method, and in eight years, which is our term of school life, the latter will present the best mental development."

CONEJOS.

Maine.

Major P. Bicknell, of Saco, Me., writes: I left here the beginning of last May and went to my friends in Bolsters Mills where I spent three weeks for the benefit of my health, which improved much after a long close confinement in a factory. When I left my friend, I went to Brownfield to see an old schoolmate that went to Hartford, Ct., during Rev. W. W. Turner's time as principal, of which we never forget his cane. I found that Mr. Wakefield for it is his name is comfortably situated and a well-to-do farmer in a pretty village with many very high mountains, as they don't look like hills in this section. His wife is also a mute, but their little boy is all right and a very bright one, too. I stopped there five days, but the Sunday before I left, we drove up to Fryeburg, a charming village, a few miles from which could be seen the birthplace of Mr. Melville Ballard, of Washington, D. C. We went up on the top of Jockey Cap, a great rock, and had a beautiful view of the country for an hour, then we had a lunch. When we got enough of it, we started for home after about two hours' ride brought us at the door, but I am sorry to say that Mrs. Wakefield's face was almost as red as a tomato, but some cream cured it the next day.

Yesterday, the 10th., Rev. M. Samuel Rowe, of Massachusetts, preached here at the Congregational Chapel to only five mutes.

Mostly all deaf-mutes here are in favor of June for the Convention at Washington, in 1888.

Rev. Samuel Rowe was seen here this morning, but he went home this P.M. He told me that he has been to Bridgton and spent one night with Mr. Osgood Bailey, "the hermit."

$5000.

Mr. Robert J. Livingston, a benevolent gentleman of New York, has recently given $5000 towards reducing the mortgage on the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes. Mr. C. R. Thomson has $395 in his hands for this object, so that $7,605 will now pay off the whole debt.

According to the articles of agreement signed by the representatives of the Boston and Lowell Societies, there will be no other picnic, nor excursion in any form to be given by these societies than the one at Willow Dale, Lowell, July 26th. So come one, come all. Otherwise you will be sorry for your absence at the picnic.

Died.

On Thursday, June 16th, at her residence in Gravesend, L. I. After a long and painful illness, Mrs. Ann Eliza Williamson, in the 52d year of her age. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Van Buskirk officiated at her funeral on June 20th, and her remains were buried by the side of her little daughter in Greenwood.

STILL FOR BOSTON.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In reply to Hubbie's letter of last week, all the officers of the Jubilee did accept except two or three. The writer told them that he would understand their affirmative consent, if they should not answer within five days, when he wrote to them again, as the circular was going to press. If any one of the officers should not want to serve, he or she would be excused.

As "Hubbie" is one of the Committee, he should have the common sense to consult me before he would publish it. Only a few weeks ago, he spoke highly of the circular. He ought to have kept out of the old Boston manager's way, when he went to Maine and back.

Boston is acknowledged to be the centre of the New England railroad communications, and also the deaf-mute community. The Centennial Jubilee ought to be held in the best place. We should not waste the time in discussing, but work with a will for the Jubilee in Boston.

W. K. CHASE.

Grand Excursion

IN AID OF THE

Gallaudet Home for Aged & Infirm Deaf-Mutes

DOWN THE HUDSON TO

The Home at Wappinger Falls,

BELOW POUGHKEEPSIE, ON THE

Superb Saloon Steamer Belle Horton

Tuesday, July 26, 1887.

We shall engage our band to furnish music, not alone among our deaf-mutes, but also the hearing community, and will guarantee that this part of the programme will be of the very best. The round trip is only 170 miles.

We will postpone our excursion in case of rain.

Refreshments will be served on board the boat for a small sum.

Positively no deadheads allowed to cross the gang planks and no complimentary tickets given.

TICKETS, - - - 1.00 each.
Children, (under 10 years) 50 Cts.

The Belle Horton will leave foot of Broadway, at 8 A.M., sharp, and foot of State Street, Albany, at 8.20 A.M. sharp.

JAMES M. WHITBECK, *Manager.*
HARRISON BURT, *Treasurer.*

Rain or Shine!

FOURTH ANNUAL

Afternoon and Evening Pic Nic

OF THE

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES

AT

KNICKERBOCKER PARK.

(Formerly Myrtle Avenue Park.)

Saturday, July 30th, 1887.

TICKETS, 25 CENTS.
CHILDREN, (under 12) FREE.

Music by Prof. Bauer.

From Greenpoint ferry, take green cars. From Grand Street and Houston Street ferries, take yellow cars to the Park. From Broadway ferry and Twenty-third Street, New York City, take same yellow cars to the Park. From Fulton ferry, take blue cars to the Park by Myrtle Avenue.

HENRY HOEVEL, *Chairman*
CHAS. E. GREEN, DANIEL MINIHAN,
CHAS. L. SCHINDLER, JAMES RYER.
Committee of Arrangements.

ANNUAL BASKET PICNIC

OF THE

Deaf-Mutes

OF

Lycoming and neighboring counties

TO BE HELD AT

Susquehanna Grove, Pa.

(three miles down the river from Williamsport, Penn.)

Monday, July 4th, 1887.

Steamer "Alice" leaves the foot of Locust Street wharf at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. sharp, and leaves Susquehanna Grove between 7 and 9 P.M.

Ticket and return, 25 cents
Children, 15 cents.

W. W. SWARTZ, Manager.

NEW YORK

Pleasant Social Gathering.

SUMMER FESTIVITIES.

Personal.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

A very pleasant, enjoyable "social gathering," occurred on the evening of the 15th inst., at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Lloyd, Jr., the occasion being in honor of the marriage of the young couple, which occurred several months ago, and to say that the company present, numbering some twenty-five young ladies and gentlemen enjoyed themselves, would be but mild praise for the hospitality extended by the host and hostess.

It was a little after eight o'clock, that the young man, who endeavors to make himself at home wherever he goes, began to say on his fingers "The Parson's Cat"—was an "ambiguous cat," and thence starting from the lady on his right all around the room, each of the company were expected to tell him in different words what kind of a "cat" was the "Parson's," a failure to do which, or the same name given twice, giving him a forfeit, and after concluding with the letter "A," going on all through the alphabet. It proved most laughable and the thinking powers of the company were put to their best in trying to manufacture words beginning with the letters that were given.

After a box full of forfeits had been obtained Miss Maggie Kenny ascended the bench, and in a voice that rang clear and silvery, proceeded to pass sentence on "fine" and "superfine" in a manner that made the culprits wish she was anywhere but where she was. Judge Donnelly not thinking she was doing her duty, and as her trial was to come next, proposed she be excused, volunteering to act in her stead. His first case was "superfine." With a smile over his handsome phiz, he wanted the young lady to pull every dark-haired gent's nose in the room. Lo! it was his wife, and Jim having dark hair, he was included, and the way that member was shaken will be remembered for the next six months. The redeeming of forfeits was kept up until the hostess announced supper was ready and without more ado the company to the strains of Prof. Sause's accompaniment on the piano, made their way to the dining room, where a feast, composed of every delicacy of the season was displayed, and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd presiding at either end of the long table, all set to and were kept busy for the next hour attending to the wants of their fair partners and themselves.

After all had been served, congratulatory speeches were made by several of the gentlemen, and the parlors were again sought, where, for a few hours longer, the time was passed in various games, social intercourse. It was long after midnight before the last couple left, the general expression being that it had been a most enjoyable evening, and that Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, Jr., were entertainers of the very highest order.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Donnelly, Mr. and Mrs. James Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lloyd, The Misses Julia and Maggie Kenny, and several lady friends, Misses Caddie Felver, Nellie Kelly, Maggie Finn, of Orange, N. J., Daisy Finn, Ryan and Prof. T. F. Fox, Messrs. Geo. S. Porter, Capelli, Donohue, Nevins, Brown, Shelton, Tresch and others names have slipped our memory.

Owing to the warm weather, perhaps, the society meetings were of little import during the week, but as it is usually very seldom any business of great account is under way at this time of the season, the adjournment for the next two or three months will be welcomed by the members of each organization.

But the various picnic committee are head over heels in business, and the season's festivities promise to be attended in each instance by a large gathering. The "Home" excursion is the one most thought of, and to say that it will be a grand affair, the number of tickets already sold bears evidence. But a little over a month intervenes between now and then, and there is little chance of many tickets being left to be disposed of at seventy-five cents on the dock. If you have your ticket, so much the better for yourself; but should you not have it, the most sensible advice we can give you and your friends, if any are going, is to purchase one as soon as possible. Treasurer Thomson has a very limited number in hand, and the agents who hold the rest, repeat they are going too quickly among the hearing people. Phil. Tobin has sold one to every member of the Board of Aldermen of Brooklyn, and they all express themselves as bound to go. Step lively, now!

The New Jersey picnic will be the attraction one week previous, and the number going over the river from New York, predicts that New Jersey will be surprised at the magnitude of New York's mute populace.

Then, the Brooklyn Society have a park, which is spoken of as being the finest picnic ground in the City of Churches, and out-of-town folks would do well to stay over Sunday, when they come this way to attend the excursion, as the Brooklyn picnic will be worth a few days' delay before starting for home.

Should August prove favorable, the St. Joseph's Union may have their picnic through that month, but have not definitely decided on the matter up to the present.

PERSONALS.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roberts was presented not long ago with a deaf and dumb greyhound of a very rare breed, and the visitor to their parlor, which his majesty deems the proper place for his afternoon nap, is impressed greatly with his beauty, but to be appreciated he must be seen.

A large party intend taking in the Empire State Convention, and Billy Slattery is practicing through the park every fine morning now with the intention of reaching Syracuse on foot.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bryan, contemplate moving further down town, as they find the present abode too quiet for their lively dispositions.

Among the participants in the McGlynn demonstration on Saturday Messrs. Temple and Pat. Campbell represented the mutes in Typographical Union No. 6, and the latter body made the finest display of the whole parade.

How are the Troy boys getting on with their excursion down the river on the 26th? It would be pleasant to know, and also if Mina Palmer is coming down with them.

The Kings County Wheelmen held their annual competitive games last Saturday, and Billy Rose and Johnny O'Brien represented a leading weekly in the Press stand. Both are now practising riding a tricycle "tandem."

Miss Frankie Hawkins chose Brooklyn as a fair place to recuperate preparatory to the gay season she expects to encounter at Long Branch and Saratoga.

Tom Brown, with the aid of Clown Donohue, saw the Brooklyns beat the Athletics 5 to 4, Sunday afternoon, after a most interesting game. Tom fell in love with the Athletics, and wanted to hug Lyons and Larkin for the way they hit the ball.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was last week most agreeably surprised by the handing to him from Robert Livingston of a check for $5000 toward the mortgage fund of the "Home."

The rumor that Mr. Graham, who was stated as being manager of the Gallaudet Home, has departed for parts unknown with produce and money belonging to the employees of the Home is not true. He left with the horse and wagon on one of his temporary sprees. On his return he was given his walking papers, and Mr. C. R. Thomson is temporarily looking after the wants of the household. Things promise to go along lively while he acts thus.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

SYRACUSE.

Mr. Taber, of Auburn, N. Y., was in town last week, looking up several hotels for the coming Deaf-Mutes' Convention. He has already engaged rooms at the hotels—Globe, Burns, Windsor and Washington.

Prof. Seliney, of Rome, N. Y., with Messrs. Bossom and Risley went to see a match game of base ball between the Uticas and Stars, of this city. They were disgusted at the visiting team's defeat and attributed it to the poor grounds. Dundon pitched for the home team against Hofford, the visitors' battery. The Uticas are about dropping down in the Championship race. Judging from Prof. Seliney's active demonstrations over the game, he must be a base ball enthusiast.

Last Saturday afternoon, Messrs. Chas. O. Upham, of Watertown, Geo. Walters, of Auburn, J. E. Doran, E. E. Miles, J. B. and C. S. Doane, G. D. Conner and Nye Brown, saw the most exciting and hotly contested game between the Newarks and the Stars. The visitors were done up by a score of 12 to 9. Last Monday Dundon and Buckley were the Stars' battery while Stovey and Walker were the Newarks' famous battery. Dundon pitched up the 2d innings but his arm gave out, owing to too much playing, and retiring to the right field, he played good ball. Marr succeeding him pitched very effectively, so that only three hits were off him. Again the Stars defeated the Newarks by 8 to 5.

Messrs. Dundon and Upham came across Mr. Miles while shopping on Genessee St. Having succeeded in coaxing him to walk arm-in-arm with them up to his handsome house on South Onondaga St., in the suburbs of the city, where a grand birthday celebration was awaiting him. When they were nearing the house, Mr. Miles asked them what was meant by his house from top to basement being well lighted. They only replied with a soft smile. He was too slow to perceive it. Among those present at the party were Messrs. E. J. Dundon, Chas. O. Upham, of Watertown, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Doran, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Conner, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Hallicy, Mrs. Chandler, Miss Avery, Misses Grace Wood and Lapham, Messrs. J. B. and C. S. Doane. Mr. Miles smiled pleasantly when he was presented with a handsome and costly gold scarf-pin by Messrs. Dundon and Upham, and also with a Russian cigar-case by the guests. He is now forty-seven years old, but still a young bachelor. Cakes and ice cream and plenty of lemonade, were partaken of. At half past 11 o'clock P.M., they broke up for home. While in the dressing room, Mr. Upham poked fun at the host by making a short but well chosen speech. Having got through, he took out of his vest pocket something and handed it to Mr. Miles—a choice Havana cigar. Mr. Miles gladly accepted the gift.

A SALT CITIZEN.

COLUMBUS.

OUR INSTITUTION -- STOCK SPECULATION AND LOTTERIES—OUR OWN JUBILEE—PICNIC—PERSONALS.

(From our Ohio Correspondent.)

I very much fear that I am in the predicament of Flora McFlimsy, when she said she "had nothing to wear," for I have nothing wherewithal to dress up a letter. No doubt, however, the dear sweet creature exaggerated the impecuniosity of her wardrobe on that occasion, and if she had looked around a little, she might have found a few little nothings wherewith to hide her nakedness, so I will do what she did not—look around a little.

The Institution just now is not a very attractive place and a visit to it is apt to give one, who has not a very strong constitution, able to resist depressing influences, a jaundiced view of life, which it takes him some time to get over. You can go through a small house without meeting any one, and not feel particularly affected, because you do not expect to meet a crowd, but in such an immense building as this is you are disappointed, if you do not meet at least half a dozen persons at every turn. The long halls appear doubly long, the countless, tenantless rooms seem twice deserted, and the empty chairs and desks, from their very numbers, seem trebly oppressive and suggestive of departed spirits. Add to this, the torn up floors, the dirt and confusion incident to house-cleaning on an extensive scale, and you get a picture of a great giant, whose soul has departed, while his immense body is being ripped up and dissected.

The printing office has not been closed yet nor is it likely to be, for the Board of Trustees has decided, for some unexplained reason, probably to keep the foreman's hand in and prevent him from resting, to continue the publication of the *Chronicle* during the vacation. Mr. Branson will be foreman, editor, compositor, proof-reader and "devil," all in one. He is provided with two assistants, both hearing men. He ought to have chosen his assistants from the compositors in his office, for, as it is, by the time school opens, he will have entirely forgotten his lately acquired dexterity with the manual alphabet, and have to learn it all over again, when his pupil compositors return.

The shoe shop will also run all summer.

I see by the JOURNAL that a deaf-mute has written a book entitled "Plain Truths about Stock Speculation, and How to Avoid Losses in Wall Street." I suspect the best way to avoid losses in Wall Street is to give the street wide berth. Now, if somebody would write a book on "Plain truths about lotteries, and how to avoid losses in them," he would fill an aching void. The proper person to write the book lives right here, and I modestly suggest that he set to work on it at once. He is a "Prof.," and once had some experience in Stock Speculation, and got better. Since then, he has turned his attention to Lotteries, but I never heard of his drawing anything but sighs—for the money lost. He is always "hard up," and complaining of the scarcity of money in his immediate vicinity, the difficulty of obtaining enough for his necessities, and appealing to the sympathies of his friends on that account, and those that don't know the reason why are often taken in. You can always tell when a drawing has taken place by the painfully greedy and anxious look with which the victim of the Lottery haunts the post office on Sundays, and the letter box on other days of the week. By all means, let him write a book giving his experiences, for the benefit of the rising generation. I am of the opinion that after it is written the difference between Stock Speculation and Lotteries, will be found to be the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee.

Speaking of the proposed Boston Jubilee, the Ohio mutes are going to Jubilee a little themselves, about the 10th of December. But they will not ask any one outside of the State to pay the expenses, neither will the expenses mount to "many hundreds of dollars." Instead of that, they expect to add a good many dollars to the fund. They will not rake the whole United States with a fine-toothed comb for oratorical and ministerial talent for the occasion, but will depend upon their own supply, which, fortunately, is ample.

The Fourth of July picnic of the Columbus Mute Literary Society promises to be a success. All the arrangements are completed. Delegates from Delaware, Akron and other places, are expected to be on hand. If they come they will be made welcome, and they will not be disappointed in their expectations of having a good time, for we will do our level best to insure them that. Let all come who can. The more the merrier. Bring your rifles and shotguns along, and see who can hit the most pigeons or spot the bull's eye oftenest. Tickets, 50 cents. Children, under twelve years, 25 cents.

H. G. Bolton, who graduated at our last Commencement, has obtained a case in the office of the *Columbian* in this city, with Edward Scott, and intends to remain here.

Luther Geer has removed from Youngstown, O., with his wife, to this city. He is working at the Columbus Buggy Co. Thomas Crowly, lately of Canal Dover, has also secured a situation at the same place, and is doing well.

John Ryn, catcher of the Sanduskys, came down with his club the other day, and was around the Institution, looking for some one to talk to and seeking consolation for the drubbing our boys gave his nine. He is the crack batter of his club, he being the only one in it that made three clean home runs this season.

The Akron Club has released Willie Sawhill.

Miss Mamie Rose has returned from the Western Pennsylvania School where she has been teaching for the past two years, and may be found at the home of her parents on Oak street. She will remain there till the opening of school in the fall.

The State Bindery is running at full blast this summer. There are twenty-three graduates of this Institution employed in it now. Of these, twenty are females.

Miss Conover, who has until lately been employed in the laundry of the institution, has gone into the bindery as a folder, and now boards at 84 Franklin Avenue with Miss Elsey as her room-mate.

Lewellyn Pratt, son of Superintendent Pratt, is building a canoe. At present his highest ambition is to navagate the "raging canal," but that will not last long, he will soon want to shoot all the rifflies and dams on the Scioto. I have been there and know how it is myself. M.

COLUMBUS, O., June 26, '87.

WEDDING BELLS.

BRYANT—BENEDICT.

The wedding of Mr. Arthur D. Bryant and Miss Susie C. Benedict, daughter of Mr. Isaac H. Benedict, No. 322 East Capitol, Washington, D. C., on Wednesday evening, June 15th, was the social event of the season on Capitol Hill. The parlor was beautifully decorated with roses and daisies, and brilliantly illuminated with gas-light; a bell of daisies was suspended in the bay-window over the bride and bridegroom. The crimson damask curtains were suspended on the top of the western and northern folding doors. When the western curtains were opened, the bridegroom, assisted by Prof. Grow, entered the parlor to wait for the bride; and the northern curtains were opened, the groomsmen marched to the left of the bay-window; and the bridemaids to the right; and when the bride and her father met the bridegroom, he took her from her father. The groomsmen were William Donaldson and Miles M. Shand, the best man was Mr. Charles Grow, and the bridemaids were Miss Jennie Case and Miss Jennie Fair. The wedding ceremony, which was witnessed by the relatives of the contracting parties only, was performed by Rev. Samuel H. Greene, assisted by Rev. William Young, and President E. M. Gallaudet, at the right hand of Rev. Greene, interpreted the service to the bridegroom in sign-language. After the ceremony, the party entered the elegant dining-room, where a splendid supper was served, with Miss Ida Case, assisted by Miss Lilly Chester presiding at the table. A novel feature of the wedding was a handsomely decorated porcelain bell suspended over the table, upon which the guests tapped good wishes. The reception which followed from 7 to 9 P.M., was largely attended, many of the ladies being in full evening dress. The bride wore a cream-satin dress with a long train trimmed with lace, a flowing veil on her head, white kid gloves, diamond earrings and breast-pin. The bride's mother wore a black silk dress, white kid gloves and a diamond pin. Among those who were present, were: Professors Samuel Porter, Chickering, Fay, Denison, and Draper, General Gist, Col. and Mrs. Fair, Hon. Reuel Williams, of Boston; Hon. Henderson, Rev. William Chester and lady, Dr. and Mrs. John W. Bayne, Dr. Wm. B. King, and many others. The presents on the table round the bride's room were costly and numerous as follows: A silver soup tureen and ladle, by Mr. Edwin P. Benedict, of New York; a silver soup ladle, by Mr. F. W. Bigelow; half dozen silver tea spoons, by cousins, Agnes and Mattie, of Illinois; a silver card basket, by Mrs. Wagner; half dozen silver tea spoons, half dozen silver knives, half dozen silver forks, by Mr. Read Benedict, of New York; a plush case of silver gravy spoons, by Mrs. Frank W. Stickney; a silver ice pitcher, by Dr. John W. Bayne; a silver napkin ring, by Prof. Chas. Grow, of Frederick, Md.; a silver ice-cream knife in a plush case, by Mrs. J. Kendall Stickney; half dozen silver tea spoons in a plush case, by Mrs. H. F. Osgood, of Boston, Mass.; a plush case of silver gravy spoons, by Hon. Reuel Williams, of Boston, Mass.; a case of of silver fruit knives, by Mrs. President E. M. Gallaudet and daughters; one dozen gold fruit knives, by Col. Charles S. Sloan, of Fargo, Dakota; a pair flower vases, by Mrs. S. Holtzlander; an autumnal flower ornament, by Miss Ladd, of Newport, R. I.; a Japanese sofa tidy, by Miss Ray Chester; a wooden bread-dish, "Give us this day our daily bread" on it, by Prof. J. W. Chickering; a silk fan with a handkerchief pocket on it, by Miss Susie Benedict Fair; a pair flower ornamental pitchers, by Cousin James V. Burkman, of New York; a Russian leather jewel case, by cousins, Gren and Louisie, of Norwalk, Conn.; a white ivory wedding fan, by Miss Cornelia White, of Denver, Col.; a set of ten volumes, (Irving's Works,") by Prof. Samuel Porter; three bronze wall mirrors, with two chandeliers each of which was presented by Rev. Wm. Young, by Miss Jennie Case, and by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. King; a large work basket with a ribbon round it, brought from Alaska Territory; a pair morning lady slippers, by Miss E. Davis, gold coins, by the bride's father; a silk crazypatch sofa-cushion, by the bride's mother; a Chinese parlor-vase, by Mr. Shand, of New Burnswick, N. J.; a blue plush sofa-cushion, by Miss Annie Elliot; an artist's paint box, by Prof. Draper; a transparent picture, by Miss Ellen Gordon; half dozen porcelain plates with different pictures of birds on them, by Mrs. Voorhees, of Mt. Holly, N. J.; a curious Chinese perfumed vase, by Mr. John B. Wight; a photo-magnifying glass, by Miss Mary Gordon; a fine thermometer on a glass board, by Prof. Gordon; a blue flower vase, by Villa C———; a water pitcher, bowl and six tumblers on a triangular bronze tray, by F. G. Coldren, of Ohio; half dozen glass preserve mugs, by Miss Fréch; a large bronze-lamp, by Eliza Howes: a fine parlor-vase, by Miss Jennie Fair; a tete á tete tea set, by Miss Julia Donaldson; a box containing small gilt butter-plates, by Miss Margaret Allen; a pair parlor statues, "Autumn and Winter," by the bride's Sunday School pupils; two boxes of lace handkerchiefs each of which, by Miss Ida Case, and by Miss Ella Crystal; a fine china dinner set (125 pieces), by Mrs. Read Benedict, of New York; a silk money purse, by Miss Carrie A. Clapp; a china fruit bowl, by Prof. Melville Ballard; a delicate parlor flower-vase, by Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Vaughan; a a Turkish bowl with a perfumed phial, by Mr. H. S. Stafford; a large kettle like bronze lamp, by Mr. George F. Sanders; a sofa-tidy, by Mrs. Charles Fair; a pair gilt porcelain parlor flower-vases, by Prof. Thomas Francis Fox, of New York; handsome ice-cream dishes, by Miss Lilly Chester; a box of fine porcelain cups and saucers, by Cousin Clarkson Stelle, of Middleton, N. J.; a sealed envelope enclosing a cheque as the bride's share in an estate, by Mrs. Daniel D. Stelle, of Franklin Park, N. J.; a gilt ink set, by Mr. and Mrs. Spofford; a peacock feather fan with handsomely painted pictures of roses on it, was brought from Sacramento, Cal.; a flower-bowl, by Cousin May Clark, of Norwalk, Conn.; a silver card-basket, by Mrs. League; a gilt china dinner set (150 pieces), by Aunt Mrs. Susie Quick; a water pitcher and tumblers, by Mr. Wm. Donaldson; a transparent window-picture, by Miss Amelia Barnard, of Philadelphia, Pa.; an opera glass, by the bridegroom's parents; a porcelain wedding-bell suspended over the dining table, by Mr. Rev. Wm. Chester; a rich glass flower-basket, by Mr. and Mrs. John Connell; and many others.

At 11 o'clock, the happy couple took train for an extended tour—North and East.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Those who desire to have a pleasant Fourth-of-July time are cordially invited to attend our annual picnic, whether it shines or rains, as we have a good shelter.

Decoration day, at the Woodside residence, in the beautiful village of Wilkinsburg, there was a select party. The day was gleefully spent in various innocent games, and a good lunch was partaken of. After refreshments, they resumed play until at a late hour, when they dispersed, bidding the host and hostess good night.

The strawberry festival held at the residence of Miss Sarah Woodside, was a success. A little sum of fifteen dollars collected for the Gallaudet Memorial Fund, is now in the hands of Mr. B. R. Allabough, our collector. Miss Woodside, our worthy friend, deserves great credit for the able manner in which she has managed the affair.

We clip the following item from the Greensburg *Press*, of the 17th: "Mrs. William Friend and Mrs. Collins Sawhill, of North Braddock, two deaf-mute ladies, have raised one hundred and three dollars toward a fund to erect a monument in Washington, D. C., to Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the founder of deaf-mute instruction in the United States."

John Long, of Arma, called at the *Standard* office, in which our scribe works, while I write from Pittsburg. His visit was brief but pleasant. John reports business as being pretty well in the barbering trade.

Mr. John Hahn, of Philadelphia, will make his annual trip to Pittsburg, in the latter part of this month, much to our delight, and, of course, not forget to grace our annual picnic by his presence on Independence day.

We often notice by the deaf papers that there is still considerable discussion among the Philadelphia deaf-mutes, as to the change of the time of holding our Annual State Convention, for they want to attend the National Deaf-Mute Convention to be held in Washington, D. C. in 1888, and at the same time, the unveiling statue of Thomas H. Gallaudet. Well, we should like to re-consider about the matter, though for some reason best known to ourself, we could not change the time again. Philadelphians, you should ask if Board of Directors can meet, and re-consider the propriety of discussing the time of holding the next convention. We hear from reliable sources that many from Pittsburg and vicinity have in contemplation a visit to Washington City, to attend the convention in 1888.

Frank Widaman went to Greensburg last Sunday to see his niece, Edith, of Warsaw, Ind., who is visiting her aunt. Edith will come to Irwin, and visit her grandfather shortly.

Mr. Archie Woodside is the happy possessor of a bouncing boy. Please accept our warmest congratulations. Mother and child are doing excellently at this time. IMPERATOR.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Cloudy Day, Accompanied By Local Rains, Spoils our Fun.

THE C. L. S. ENTERTAINMENT.

Closing of our School—A Brilliant Affair.

PICNIC NOTES—ENTERTAINMENT PICK-UPS—PERSONALS, ETC.

(From our regular correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, June 26—On Wednesday evening, we saw the cloudy skies moving eastward, and believing that there would be rain the day following, and it was thought that many would relinquish their intention to participate in the picnic. The committee was on hand at the depot, with the exception of Secretary Cox. They met the deaf-mutes and showed them the train, which they were to board for Lansdale. There were fifty-two deaf-mutes at the depot. At 8:31 o'clock we departed, notwithstanding local rains, and reached Lansdale about 9:20 A.M., and then took carriages, under the guidance of the veteran teacher, Prof. Pettingell, and we were safely landed on the picnic grounds. Amusements, such as base-ball, swings, handball, etc., were the features of the day. At 10:30 two picked nines played ball, and only one inning was played, the score standing 8 to 3 in favor of Printer's side, beating Mr. Zell's boys. The cause of his defeat was the poor support of his catcher. At one o'clock several deaf-mutes lunched, while others who did not bring baskets along, were obliged to pay forty cents a head for their dinner. Then came a Boston game, which amused everybody. At three o'clock those who did not come in the morning, came and joined us. The "Stars" accompanied them on the two o'clock train. At 3:30 a game of ball was played between the Stars and ex-Graduates. Mr. Goekel and Mr. Zell were the ex-Graduates' battery, while that of the Stars, Musselman and Hartenstine, played their positions with credit. The Stars played a better game than the ex-Graduates. In the second inning, Mr. Zell was hurt, and Lanz substituted him, he going to the first bag and "Printer" to the centre field. The Stars batted freely and stole bases without difficulty, and the ex-Graduates were very busy chasing the leather. The features of the game were the heavy battery of the Stars, Hartenstine's catching, and the ex-Graduates's weak batting. Only three basehits were made off Musselman's curves in the five innings. The score was as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	
Stars	4	7	1	2	x	—14
Ex Graduates	1	0	0	0	0	— 1

After the game was over, the excursionists went to dance in the pavilions. Other amusements followed. At six o'clock they returned to Lansdale in carriages, and took the train at 7:40 o'clock. They seemed to enjoy themselves all day, despite the rain.

PICNIC HAPPENINGS.

Owing to the illness of her mother, Miss May Fisher, of West Chester, could not attend the picnic.

Mr. Jonas S. Roberts walked to Lansdale Park from Plumsteadville, Pa., two miles, to join our company. He is an old man and has steady work at cabinet-making.

Mr. Edwin Saeger, of Allentown, was among the visitors. He is a book binder and doing well.

Delaware and New York deaf-mutes did not come.

Messrs. Boland and Lispett, who came here from Washington on June 23d, were on the grounds.

Only two gentlemen represented the Catholic Society. There were others who could not attend, owing to pressure of work.

New Jersey was represented by Miss Emma Hughes, of Williamstown, N. J. She was the guest of Miss Retta T. Levering, of Manayunk.

Messrs. Howard and McCanley, and Miss Woodall, represented Chester, Pa.

CHIROLOGICAL LITERARY SOCIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

The third annual entertainment of the Chirological Literary Society was a completely brilliant affair. The roomy, airy and bright chapel of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb was made brighter on Friday, June 24th, by the presence of a large assemblage of friends, trustees, teachers, ex-graduates and invited guests. President Whildin opened the meeting with his annual address, which was given in a graceful manner.

Following is the programme:

Annual Address, President Whildin; Song Rendition, "Gustavius' Battle Song," (Sung by the whole Swedish army before the battle of Lutzen, at which Gustavius Adolphus fell.)—Robert A. Kerstetter, Benjamin P. Green, Thomas O'Brien, Thomas Lewis and John Tarry. Essay "The World of Ideas,"—Lilly A. Bicksler; Recitation in Poetry, "Casabianca,"—John Dunner; Debate, Subject:—"Resolved, That Intemperance is the chief source of crime.—Affirmative Anthony Follweiler and Ida Brooks; Negative, Harvey DeLong and Lilly Blose. Referred Question:—"Should our girls go to the National Deaf-Mute College," Sarah Egan. Referred Question:—"Should our institution be moved into the country."—John M. Kersnner. Referred Question, "Which has the more influence in Society, man or woman."—Hattie A. Leffler. Humorous Reading, "The Yankee Showman,"—Mary J. McDermott. Dialogue—"The Washing Day." Mr. Beson, *a retired tradesman*, Gurney Y. Hosterman; Charles Fitzherbert, *his nephew*, Augustus M. Fahnestock; Mrs. Beson, Maggie McGinnis; Emma, *her daughter*, Dora Heim; Gingham, *their maid of all work*, Annie B. Sheddy. Declamation, Lord Byron's "Address to the Ocean,"—Gertrude M. Downey. Song Rendition, "The Indian Maid's Good Night to the White Chief,"—Mary Wilson, Annie Schatz, Lizzie Hagy, Mary Nuss and Emma Kershner.

The girls who were dressed in white and presented a pretty appearance. The exercises were very interesting, and no small degree of talent was displayed by these pupils participating. The manner in which the girls and boys performed their allotted parts on the programme, evidenced a careful and thorough training which they received from their instructors, and spoke volumes of praise for Principal Crouter and his efficient assistants. Space does not permit a detailed account of the exercises and a mention of those who acquitted themselves so creditably. All did well, and the occasion afforded an opportunity for the audience to judge of the inestimable value of the educational reputation of our school. Those who were fortunately invited to the entertainment enjoyed themselves very much. At 10:15 P.M., the President declared the meeting adjourned, after which Mr. Crouter requested us to help ourselves in another room. Refreshments were partaken of, and everybody enjoyed the evening pleasantly. After satisfying their appetite, they went to the other room in which a game called "Breeze" was indulged in, and dancing in another room was pleasantly amusing. At 12 o'clock the doors were closed, and everybody left the school building highly satisfied with their evening's entertainment. Messrs. R. M. Ziegler, Chairman; Miss Katie Bartholomew and John M. Kershner, deserve credit for their successful management.

PERSONAL.

On Wednesday, June 22d, a baby girl was a visitor in the household of Mr. and Mrs. James Oakes. Mother and baby are doing well. The baby weighs ten pounds.

Among the pleasing incidents at the entertainment on last Friday evening, was the sign renditions by Lee R., a six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs J. D. Ziegler. His sweet signs were worth listening to and very amusing.

On Sunday afternoon, June 26th, your reporter, accompanied by several invited guests, had the honor of listening to the lecture given by Mr. William H. Lispett, '89, of the Deaf-Mute College, before the Catholic Society. The lecture was very interesting, and everybody listened to it without interruption. The subject chosen was "Joan of Arc," and contains twenty-eight pages, which took him nearly an hour to deliver. A vote of thanks was given him.

was not present, owing to sickness, it was understood, and Mr. McCarthy presided over the meeting. The Society was adjourned until September 4th. A special meeting will probably be called, on account of the excursion business. Father Lebreton was among those who listened to the lecture, and he made several brief remarks to the members and guests. Notwithstanding the rain storm, the attendance was large, several ladies being among the guests.

The four-year-old daughter Florence, of Mr. and Mrs. Pollock, of Frankford, died on Tuesday at eleven o'clock P.M., June 22. She was buried in the Frankford Cemetery. On Friday morning, Rev. Mr. Syle officiated at the funeral services.

Rev. Mr. Clere preached at the afternoon service in the Church of the Covenant last Sunday, before a large congregation of deaf-mutes.

Mr. Hahn went to Bethlehem, Pa., last week, spending three days with friends. This week, on Friday, he leaves for Pittsburgh to attend the picnic given by the deaf-mute society of that city.

On Wednesday, June 29th, the pupils left for their respective homes to have a three months' vacation.

Mr. Samuel Davidson, editor of the *Silent World*, has been on the sick list the most of the time last week, and it is understood, is getting a little better now.

On Saturday this week, Mr. Rosebaum will be in Reading, and will remain over Sunday with his brother.

PRINTER.

"Fanwood."

Want of space in this issue, makes it necessary to postpone printing the account of "Closing Exercises" until next week.

AQUILA.

WEDDING.

Wednesday morning at ten o'clock, a number of invited guests assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Chase, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Gelia H. Tewksbury to Mr. Charles C. Fisher, of Lawrence. The young bride was simply but tastefully dressed in white, with smilax and white flowers the only ornaments.

The wedding presents were numerous and elegant, among which was an envelope which when opened was found to contain one hundred dollars, as a gift to the bride.

After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. S. L. Chase, an hour or more was devoted to congratulations and festivities, when the happy pair departed on their wedding trip, followed by the good wishes of all present. The bride is a sister of Mrs. E. S. Chase, and niece of Mr. R. H. Tewksbury, of Lawrence, and the groom is a brother of our well-known townsman, Mr. Albert V. Fisher.—*Methuen, Mass., Transcript, June 10.*

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Prof A G Bell
Scott Circle

A Blind and Deaf Poet.

There is, perhaps, nothing new in the title which I have prefixed to this unpretending sketch. Poetry began in the bosom of a blind man and culminated in the brain of a Milton, and blind persons have in all ages been noted as especial lovers of the harmonious and beautiful in sound; but, when I add that my hero is also deaf, that the very avenue through which music of the pen or chord should reach his soul is closed, then it will be seen that the bard must indeed have been strong within him in order to come out. We all remember the wailing-up of Pausanias at Sparta. If Pausanias had suddenly emerged from his living entombment, and led new armies to the conflict, it would hardly have been more astonishing than that a man to whom the sense of sound was forever forbidden should have tuned his lyre in homage to the immortal Muse of Song.

Yet such has been the cause. The volume called *Seen and Heard* is one of the most touching yet dignified appeals to the human heart that it nas ever been my lot to meet. Its author, Morrison Heady, of Kentucky, has written many excellent things since its publication. His "Washington before the Revolution," which was printed in raised type, by the American Printing House for the Blind at Louisville, is esteemed a work of historic merit; and he has several unpublished juvenile books, besides a longer poetical work. His writings are valued both for their literary merit and for the deathless courage and perseverance which have impelled so sad a prisoner to cling persistently to the pen which a cruel fate endeavors to wrench from his grasp; but he can never go beyond "The Double Night," his most powerful and, in my eyes, most perfect work, in which he so pathetically delineates his double bereavement:—

"I heard the gates of night, with sullen jar,
Close on the cheerful day forever:
Hope from my sky sank like the evening star,
Which finds, in darkness, zenith never;
For scarce she knew, blithe offspring of the day,
How there to shine, where night held boundless sway;
And shapes of beauty, grace, and bloom,
And fair-formed joys, that once around me danced,
Bewildered grew, where sunbeam never glanced,
And lost their way in that wide gloom.

"Pensylla, o'er me many sunless years
Have flown, since last the beam of heaven,
The soft ascent of morn through smiles and tears,
The sweet descent of dreamy even,
Or sight of wood and fields in green arrayed,
Vernal resplendence, or autumnal shade
Or winter's gloom or summer's blaze,
Bird, beast, or works, that trophy man's abode,
Or he divine, the image of his God,
Met my rapt gaze.

'Look, gentle guide! Thou seest the imperial sun
Forth sending far his ambient glory,
O'er laughing fields and frowning highland dun,
O'er glancing streams and woodlands hoary.
In orient clouds, he steeps his amber hair;
With beams far slanting through the flaming air
Bids Earth, with all her hymning sound, declare
The praise of everlasting light.
On my bared head, I feit his pitying ray:
But, ah, Pensylla! he brings to me no day,
Nor yet his setting, deeper night.

"Prime gift of God, that veil'st his sovereign throne,
And dost of him in sense remind me,
Blest light of heaven, why hast thou from me flown?
To these sad shades, why hast resigned me?
On pinions of surpassing beauty borne,
When nature hails the glad advance of morn,
In thine unsullied loveliness
Thou comest; but, to my darkened eyes, in vain;
My night, e'en in the noon of thy domain,
Yields not to thee, since joy of thine again
Can ne'er my dayless being bless.

"Next Silence, fit companion of the night,
In drearier depths my being steeping,
Like the felt presence of an unseen sprite,
With muffled tread, comes onward creeping.
Before me, close her smothering curtain swings,
And o'er my life a shadeless shadow flings;
Sinking with pitiless weight, and slow,
To shroud the last sweet glimpse of earth and man,
And set my limits to the narrow span
Of but an arm's length here below.

"Oh, whither shall I fly, this stroke to shun?
When turn me, this side death and heaven?
Almost I would my course on earth were run,
And all to night and silence given!
I turn to man: can he but with me mourn?
Alike we're hopeless, and, as bubbles borne,
We to a common haven float.
To him, the All-seeing and All-hearing One,
Behold. I turn! More hid than He, there's none;
More silent none, none more remote!

"Alas, Pensylla, stay that pious tear!
Now, nearer come, I fain thy voice would hear:
Like music when the soul is dreaming,
Like music dropping from a far-off sphere,
Heard by the good, when life's end draweth near,
It faintly comes, a spirit seeming.
The sound at once entranced me, ear and soul;
The voice of winds and waves, the thunder's roll,
The steed's proud neigh, and lamb's meek plaint,
The hum of bees and vesper hymn of birds,
The song of joy or praise, and man's sweet words,
Come to me faint'r,—yet more faint.
* * *
"As at the entrance of an untrod cave,
I shrink,—so hushed the shades, and sombre,
This death of sense makes life a breathing grave,
A vital death, a waking slumber,
'Tis as the light itself of God were fled,—
So dark is all around, so still, so dead;
Nor hope of change, one ray I find,
Yet must submit. Though fled fore'er the light,
Though utter silence bring me double night,
Though to my insulated mind
Knowledge her richest pages ne'er unfold,
And 'human face divine' I ne'er behold,
Yet must submit, must be resigned!"

Let it not be thought, however, that the spirit which thus pathetically breathes forth its plaint is a morbidly melancholy one. On the contrary, Mr. Heady, as he appears in daily life, is one of the most cheerful persons whom it has ever been our lot to meet. His conversation (his voice remaining, though hearing has gradually left him) abounds with humor and pleasantry. He is exceedingly well read, and the plummet of his thought shows a mind of uncommon depth.

Mr. Heady is now about fifty years of age. He was born with the full enjoyment of sight and hearing, but was deprived of the former sense by an accident at about the age of sixteen. At eighteen, his hearing began to fail, and slowly diminished through twenty-seven years, ever growing less. One pleasure dependent upon hearing had to be given up after another. First, the joyous walks with old friends, communication being carried on by means of the speaking-trumpet; then, the listening to reading aloud by his parents through the same instrument; finally, about four or five years ago, the use of the trumpet itself, since when he has depended on feeling alone. He still hears the sound of his own voice when he speaks, but it conveys to him no articulate effect. To use the eloquent language of a friend, it was like the slow, gradual swinging-to of the prison-door, until the prisoner is left alone in the cell. The agony of this twofold bereavement, "deep answering unto deep," is most beautifully described in "The Double Night," the poem from which I have quoted above.

From time to time, in my early youth, a fragment would float to me from this life devoted to affliction, like mosses from the depths of an unknown sea,—a poem, an historical sketch, a sad-looking photograph. I pictured to myself a being filled with unutterable sadness, and whose shrouded life never gave forth the semblance of a glow. What was my astonishment, then, when Mr. Heady visited the East in the summer of 1878, to find in him a lively, genial, and sparkling companion, whom one night see for many days ere the deep sorrow within betrayed itself in any way for a moment. The object of his visit was partly a literary one; and I could not but regret that the season was that at which most of our *literati* were out of town, since it would have been agreeable for Mr. Heady to carry back with him to his remote Kentucky home (Elk Creek) some taste of the intellectual delights which are met in the society of our capital in the winter.

Mr. Heady was, I believe, first brought before the public aa a man of letters by the well-known George D. Prentice, editor of the *Louisville Journal*, whose *Poets of America* contains an account of him. His volume *Seen and Heard* was published at Baltimore in 1869. His library is the finest possessed by any blind person in this country.

A most tender and affecting friendship exists between him and Laura Bridgman, with whom he corresponds constantly. He has invented a glove, marked with the letters of the alphabet, which he wears during conversation. So exquisite is his sense of touch that one has only to touch the different letters on his hand to convey one's meaning, and conversation is thus carried very rapidly. The letters are stamped on the palm of the glove, the inner part of the hand being, of course, the most sensitive; and, in conversing with him, we touch each letter which we intend to indicate, and are understood with the greatest rapidity.

Mr. Heady recites long poems which he has committed to memory with great expressiveness and humor (if they are comic). His memory is so powerful that he still retains some of the music which he knew when he was preparing himself for a teacher of that art. He once, in order to oblige the writer, played a movement of one of [illegible] ing his own performance, while it struck us as amazingly expressive. The sad expression of his countenance, while he thus reverted to an art to which he had once hoped to devote himself, is one which I can never forget. The halo of cheerfulness which usually surrounds this noble, gentle character was for a moment rent aside, and the afflicted man looked forth. Yet how beautifully, in his noble sonnet to Milton, does our poet exclaim:—

"Ah me! Could I, with ken angelic, span
Celestial glories, hid from mortal man,
I'd deem this night a day supernal!
Could music, borne from some far, singing sphere,
Float sweetly down, and thrill my stricken ear,
I'd pray this hush might be eternal!"

And we still rank him as a teacher of music, only it is music which can reach the soul, even when the earthly ear is closed. For more stirring passages, take the following extracts from his Indian legend:—

"Alone in his lodge the red hunter is sleeping,
His bear-skin for bed, and for pillow his quiver,
His scalp-knife and hatchet laid naked beside him,
And scattered around him the trophies of hunting.
Though roamed he the forest from sunrise to sunset,
And weary the sinewy limbs that have borne him,
The Spirit of Dreaming, with throngs of wild fancies,
Is busily haunting the depths of his slumbers.

"He dreams of the wild hunt, of fishing and dancing,—
Of dancing, by moonlight, around the red death-stake,
Which, flaming and flaring far through the dark forest,
Alarms the gaunt wolf on his nightly marauding.
He dreams of the roe-buck that fell by his arrow,
The big bison-bull that he chased in the valley,
The black bear he hugged with and stabbed on the hillside,
The rattlesnake clubbed in the flame-haunted morass.

He dreams of the lodge, where the council-fire blazes,
Where warriors are gathered and painted for battle,
Where chiefs are debating the doom of the captive,
And smoking from war-pipes confusion to foeman,
He dreams of the pale face, the scourge of his people,
And fiercely he grapples the death-steel beside him:
He shouts his shrill war-whoop, the death-knell to foeman,
With life-blood of foemen his war-path he reddens.

"Awake, Yoonemskota! The foe is upon thee!
Around thy lone lodge, like a panther, he's creeping.
'What noise did I hear?' says the hunter, still dreaming.
'Twas only the panther, with soft steps so stealthy;
Perhaps, in his dingle, a red deer is bleeding,
And over his victim he's purring in triumph.'
No, no, Yoonemskota! It is not the panther,
With soft steps so stealthy. Thy foe is upon thee!

As still as a snake, to thy throat he is crawling:
Already his hand has uplifted the bear-skin
That keeps out the moonshine and wind from thy dwelling.
'I hear it again!' says the slumbering hunter.
'The dry leaves disturbed by the tread of the night wind,
Or is it the tread of a ghost on the stillness?
Oh, no, Yoonemskota! No wind is so noiseless,
And scarcely more silent the Spirit of Stillness.
'Thy bow and thy arrow, thy scalp-knife and hatchet,
Are whetted and feathered and sinewed for battle,
And stronger thy arm, and thy spirit the blither,
When foemen close round thee, and friends are far distant.
Thy foe is upon thee! Awake, Yoonemskota!'"

YOONEMSKOTA'S DEATH-SONG.

"There is a Foe!
His camp in the land
Of black and silent shadows;
His war-path in the sweep
Of fire and flood and tempest;
His ambush in the blast
Of pestilence and famine;
His weapon but a breath,
Blown still and cold in passing:—
Death! Death!

"He comes into the day,
But none may see his shadow;
Not when he joins the throng
Of foemen, fiercely fighting;
Nor when he joins the rush
Of victors, madly chasing;
Nor when he joins the whirl
Of captors, wildly dancing
Around the burning pile,
Around the singing captive:
Death! Death!

"His foot is on the earth,
But none may hear its echo,
Though crushing be its tread,
Though deep and red its footprints,
Seen in the crimson spots
That cover the field of battle,
Seen in the graves that rise
Where foe with foe has fallen
Seen in the blackened heaps
Of hunting-camp and village,
And in the ashes left
Where burned the fire of torture:—
Death! Death!

"There is a Brave,
Who ever, without flinching,
Has met the eye of death,—
Seen gleaming in the hatchet
Hurled whizzing at his head;
Seen glancing in the arrow
Shot hissing at his heart;
Seen glittering in the long knife
Struck fiercely at his throat;
Seen blazing in the rifle
Which, at his naked breast,
Its smoky thunders bolted;
Nor flinches he now to see
Its fierce glare bent upon him
From out the hungry flames,—
A Brave! A Brave!

"A Brave that fears thee not,
Thou black and silent warrior,
Fell ambusher of night,
Dread conqueror of the proudest;
A Brave that fears thee not,
But dares the blackest horrors
That follow at thy heels
Or lurk among thy shadows.
He dares! He dares!

"Go, call the shades of them
Whom he has slain in battle,
To join the avenger's dance
Around the hand that slew them;
To see a warrior die,
And see a warrior triumph,
When, through thy fiery doors,
He steps into thy shadows,
With spirit unappalled,
And face to face confronts them,
Confronts them, one and all,
Unless they fly his coming,
As in the day he slew.
He comes! He comes!

"'I'm here! I'm here!
Outside thy fiery door,
And waiting for thy greeting.
Thy hand, brave Death, thy hand!
Our grasp shall be the warmer
Thus joined amid the flames.
Thy fiery doors are closing,
Shutting me in with the dead,
Shutting me out from the living!
Thy hand, brave Death, thy hand!
Farewell to Yoonemskota!'"

And, for strength and beauty of thought, the following:—

"Then, soul immortal mine, I give thee joy,
As come from God, and thither to return,
In some appointed order, when the years
And seasons, measuring out in mystic dance
The stages of thy trial, shall declare
Thy morn of victory risen, and worthiness
To be all glorified with some small beam
Of glory, e'en the glory of him that gave thee.
A flame thou art, sprung from the eternal sun,
Casting thy shade in his all-flooding sheen,
[illegible]
Its shadow on the ground,—light breaking light,—
Breaking the less as clearer burns the blaze,
Then, soul of mine, burn clear! Nor self-eclipsed,
Nor aught eclipsing, break that light divine
From falling, in its beauty, strength, and joy,
On aught that lives, or man or bird or beast:
Come not between that blessing and their need,
Lest it from thee forever be withdrawn;
But in and through thy being let it shine,
As shines the sun in heaven's bow-listed cloud,
And through the 'storied window, richly dight,'
Where light is only varied to reveal
How manifold its forms of beauty are.
'As darkness is but interrupted light,'
So evil may be interrupted good.
Then, soul of mine, burn clear! Purge from thine essence
All that may thwart or blur the goodly light,
That they, in fleshly dungeons, may behold
Through thee, as through a window open to heaven,
How the great sun is shining on us all,—
How lovingly, how beautifully shining,—
Till he may count thee worthy to be called
The express image of his glory."

Since his visit to the East, the hand of a kind fate has partly drawn aside the curtain of the "double night" for our poet. An oculist's skill has restored to him some portion of his vision; and, as he writes to a friend here, he can now "see the roses,"—a happy glimpse for the long-veiled eyes! May this ray of light beam ever brighter for the suffering bard, a foretaste of the happy state of which we are told that "there shall be no night there!"

It may truly be said of the subject of this brief sketch that, while his own life has been shrouded in darkness, he has been a dispenser of light to others in no ordinary degree; the bright torch of his intellect always burning with a clear and cheerful flame, never quenched by misfortunes which would have overwhelmed any less steadfast soul. Or we may compare him to some firm-set mountain, whose base may be in shadow, but its summit towers always toward the everlasting sunshine.

JULIA R. ANAGNOS.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

NEW FORMS AND STYLES IN VARIOUS ARTICLES OF PERSONAL ADORNMENT.

Carbuncles in rings, links and sleeve-buttons, are considered very genteel.

Rings stamped with antique heads or Greek mottoes are popular in schools and colleges.

Woven chains are now being made in links, and braided bracelets of the same material are seen.

The leaf pin in variegated gold, with perhaps a jeweled bug rested on it, seems to be in great request now.

A series of pairs of small square links, joined together laterally, constituted a flexible bracelet recently seen.

A slender crescent and star combined, and set with rows of small graduated pearls, make a chaste and fashionable pin.

An ear wire has been invented, which prevents the loss of the screw, the latter being firmly riveted to it and yet turning freely.

A new brooch pin consists of a circle of balls, finished in front in vermicelli style inclosing a flower in plain Roman.

Large bettles and bugs now appear with diamond heads, ruby eyes and backs of the much-admired opalized work. Other gems are used for variety's sake.

A brooch pin now shown is composed of three or four interlocked rings of graduated balls, the larger outer ones in vermicelli finish and the smaller inner ones in plain Roman, a raised diamond occupying the center.

GALLAUDET CENTENNIAL JUBILEE.

TO THE FELLOW GRADUATES AND FORMER PUPILS OF THE AMERICAN ASYLUM.

DEAR MADAM OR SIR, as the case may be:—Your attention is respectfully called to the coming event commemorating the One Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of the Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, LL.D. It will be on December 10th, 1887, and known as the Gallaudet Centennial Jubilee, combined with thanksgiving to God for His deliverance from our everlasting bondage of darkness and heathenism.

This extraordinary occasion will take place in Boston, Mass., commencing on Friday, December 9th, till the following Sunday, the 11th.

It is gratifying to know that the deaf of the U. S. have raised more than seven thousand dollars and still the funds are increasing. A creditably sized statue will be erected in Washington City, District of Columbia, to the memory of our great benefactor, Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, in the summer of 1888, instead of next December, owing to the unreasonable time for outdoor exercises at the unveiling of the statue, etc.

There is no reason why we should not be able to celebrate his centennial birthday under shelter in New England. He was not only the founder of the American Asylum in 1817—the first institution of the kind in America—but our teacher, and he wisely selected and introduced the beautiful and natural French system of instruction for the deaf into this country. It is our plain duty to exert an effort in making the forthcoming anniversary of his birthday, glorious, creditable to this generation, as well as a token of our gratitude.

The object of the jubilee is no money making or benefit enterprise, but a spontaneous celebration the occasion, which will be *free* to all the deaf of any school and teachers of the deaf. The poor and rich will be treated alike.

The first cheering response to the notice in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of last April 21st came from all the leading mutes of Maine, endorsing the jubilee project, and they at once sent lists of old Hartford graduates living in their respective counties; and also the similar response from all other parts of New England, New York, District of Columbia, etc., in close succession.

No doubt, this will be the largest and most enjoyable assemblage of deaf-mutes ever seen in New England.

To meet the expenses of the jubilee, will you please be good enough to send your money to the treasurer, no matter whether or not you would be present at the festival; but it is, however, hoped that you would try to come and take part in the celebration.

The contributions to the Jubilee Fund will be announced in the DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL of New York City, monthly or oftener.

Yours Respectfully,
WM. K. CHASE.

WINSTED, CONN., May 25, 1887.

PROGRAMME.

A commodious hall in Boston will be secured and decorated with American and French flags, large portraits of Gallaudet and Clerc, and also a long cloth about thirty feet by three, suspended across the hall, with this inscription in large print:

1787—GALLAUDET—1887.

FRIDAY, DEC. 9, GRAND SOCIAL REUNION.

Private and homelike entertainments. In the afternoon, Prof. George A. Simpson, of Hartford, the famous deafmute magician, will exhibit his tricks. He gave fifteen exhibitions in Hartford, in halls and private houses last winter. He gives lessons in his line.

FRIDAY NIGHT BRILLIANT LEVEE.

Grand promenade, tableaux, collation or banquet, at midnight of December 10th masquerade march, dance, etc.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 10.—PUBLIC EXERCISES.

Singing in signs by little congenital deaf children, oration of the day will be delivered by an old Hartford graduate; oral singing by hearing children of deaf mute parents, etc., in the State House, if it can be secured, where the elder Gallaudet used to plead in our behalf and exhibit his pupils from Hartford before the legislature.

SUNDAY, DEC. 11,—RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Edward M. Gallaudet, Ph.D. LL.D., president of the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., is expected to preach in the morning; in the afternoon, the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D. of New York City, assisted by the Rev. F. J. Clerc, D.D., of Pennsylvania will officiate; and in the evening the jubilee will be concluded with a combined thanksgiving service to be conducted by ordained deaf-mute pastors and other prominent persons.

OFFICERS.

The following persons have consented to serve the Jubilee.

President.—William Bailey, Beverly, Mass.
Vice - President.—Mrs. Minerva Follett, *nee* Mowry, Woonsocket Hill, R. I.
Secretary.—Edward W. Frisbee, Everett, Mass. (*Am. Asylum and N. D. M. College.*)
Treasurer.—Henry M. Fairman, Hartford, Conn.
Entertainment Committee.—William K. Chase, Chairman.

FOR MASSACHUSETTS—John Magee, Boston; George C. Sawyer, Lowell, (*Northampton Institution and N. D. M. College*); W. H. Kranse, Boston, (*Michigan Institution*); Mrs. Marie A. Livingston, *nee* Ingraham, Worcester; and Miss Bella Flagg, (*Boston Oral School for the Deaf*).

FOR MAINE—Hiram P. Hunt, Gray; Miss Almira E. Alden, Dixmont.

FOR NEW HAMPSHIRE—Varnum B. Wright, Nashua; Mrs. Martha A. Smith, *nee* Jackson, New Boston.

FOR VERMONT—John T. Keefe, Bellows Falls; Miss Julia E. Gilson, Hartland.

FOR RHODE ISLAND—J. F. Donnelly, Woonsocket, (*N. Y. Institute.*)

FOR CONNECTICUT—Miss Kate Miller, Thompsonville.

REMARKS.

The cost of the celebration will be large, say many hundred of dollars. If there is any money left after defraying the expenses, it will be turned over to the Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

As all the teachers of the deaf in this country owe their good situations to the elder Gallaudet, will they please send their mite for the benefit of the jubilee?

Deaf mute poets are invited to write original poems for the oral singing, dedicated to "Gallaudet Day" and also to their deaf mute parents—not too long, and send them to the Chairman of the Committee.

The sons of the illustrious Gallaudet, Thomas and Edward, and also his co-laborer, Laurent Clerc's son will be honored guests of the jubilee, and they will interpret alternately for the benefit of the hearing people.

The silver pitchers and salvers presented to Gallaudet and Clerc by the grateful deaf in 1850, costing five hundred dollars each, will be on exhibition on the oration day.

It is hoped that betrothed couples will enliven the memorable occasion with their weddings.

Contributions from any other hearing or deaf will be thankfully received.

Remember that the success of the jubilee depends on your prompt liberality toward the fund, and active co-operation so as to enable us to prepare the grand occasion to that effect. All the details of the programme, railroad matters, hotel accommodations, etc., will be announced next October.

Direct all contributions by money order or in registered letters, otherwise at their own risk to Henry M. Fairman, 6 Avon Street, Hartford, Conn.

Please show this circular to your deaf friends, etc.

I have heard of monks doing many things, but I never heard of them being sailors. It seems, however, that in the White Sea there is a fleet of six steamers which are owned, officered and manned by monks. They ply between Archangel and the Island of Jolovetsk, where there is a monastery, and their business is to convey pilgrims to the island. As many as 30,000 people annually make the journey between May and September, the only time when the island is accessible.—*London Truth.*

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AGENTS WANTED. BIG COMMISSIONS PAID.
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Grand Excursion
IN AID OF THE
HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF-MUTES,
UP THE HUDSON TO THE
Home at Wappinger's Falls,
ON THE SALOON STEAMER
LONG BRANCH,
Tuesday July 26, 1887.

TICKETS, 50 Cents each.
ON THE DOCK, 75 CENTS.
Children, (*Under ten years*) 25 Cents each.

Music by Prof. R. E. Sause.

Long Branch leaves foot East 23d Street, 8.15 a.m. sharp West 21st St., 9 a.m. sharp.

An occasion that, while having all the attractions of a first-class excursion, is, in the sail alone, worth double the money. No better opportunity could be offered to view the superb scenery along the "Rhine of America," by daylight, and very probably by moonlight. With this, all who attend will know they are doing a good turn, as the proceeds go to the current expenses of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

The "Long Branch" has been entirely rebuilt and renovated and redecorated, and arrangements will be made to transform the grounds of the "Home" into a regular excursion resort, comprising all the attractions, viz: swings, shooting-gallery, photograph-gallery, rowboats, platform for dancing, etc., etc., etc.

As to the musical arrangements, Prof. Sause's reputation is second to none in New York and Brooklyn, not alone among our deaf-mutes, but also the hearing community, which will guarantee this part of the programme will be of the very best.

Tickets now ready, and for the present can be obtained from any of the Committee. When arrangements are completed, they can be had of any deaf-mute living in New York City, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

Positively no deadheads allowed to cross the gang-planks, andno complimentary tickets given, but to the members of the Press.

Further particulars from time to time.

Committee.

JOHN F. O'BRIEN, *Manager*, CLEMENT R. THOMSON, *Treasurer*, 22 E. 21 St. ALBERT A. BARNES

This Space is reserved for Picnic at Willowdale, Lowell, Mass., Tuesday, July 26, 1887.

GRAND AFTERNOON
AND
Evening Picnic
OF THE
New Jersey Ass'n of Deaf-Mutes
TO BE HELD AT
Caledonian Park,
BALDWIN AVE., JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, N. J.
Monday, July 18th, 1887.
TICKETS - - - 25 Cents
Children under 12 accompanied by parents, free.
DANCING TO COMMENCE AT 3.30
MUSIC BY PROF. R. E. SAUSE.

One half the proceeds to go to the Gallaudet Memorial Fund.

Our New York and Brooklyn friends are advised to take the Desbrosses or Courtland Streets ferries in New York to Jersey City ferry, take the Court House and Newark Ave. cars (blue), the cars reach Baldwin Ave., about three minutes walk to the Park from the cars.

From Hoboken ferry, take the west Hoboken and Jersey City Heights Car by Central Avenue to the Court House, one block from Baldwin Avenue.

From Pavonia Ferry, take the Pavonia and Summit Avenues Cars, and stop at Oakland Street, two blocks from the Court House.

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS.
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DAN. J. WARD,
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SOLID SILVER,
MARBLE CLOCKS, FANCY GOODS,
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EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED.

NOTICE
To Graduates & Former Pupils
OF THE
New York Institution
FOR THE
Instruction of the D & D.

All persons at any time pupils in the Institution, are respectfully requested to send to us, at once, their names and residences, and the year in which they left or graduated from school; and, in the case of married women, their maiden name prior to marriage.

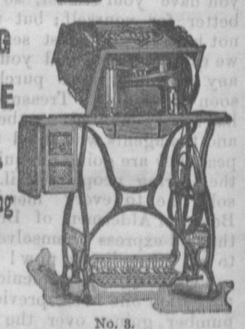
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FOR THE
INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF & DUMB.

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DR. HARVEY P. PEET,
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